The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

Democratic State Ticket.

For Treasurer,
Edmund A. Bigler,
OF CLEARFIELD.

Democratic County Ticket.

For Associate Judge,
Thos. F. Riley.
For Prothonotary,
L. A. Schaeffer.
For District Attorney,
J. C. Meyer.
For County Surveyor,
Geo. D. Johnson.
For Coroner,
Dr. James W. Neff.

At a prize fight in St Louis, the other day, one of the pugilists got killed from a blow. Every prize fight should end thus.

The outlook now is that Gen. Hastings will be the next Republican nominee for governor, and that Wm. A. Wallace will be the—next governor. How could it be better ?

Drouth and the subsequent failure of crops has caused serious hardship in some sections of the Kanawha Valley. In Monroe county some of the wealthiest farmers are embarrassed.

There is a large immigration going on of negroes from North Carolina to parts farther south. One immigration agent alone says he has contracts to transport 10,000 negroes between now and January.

The Rural New Yorker suggests that one way of breaking up a hen that persists in sitting is to place her in a yard with a harmless dog. How about the Hens that persist to sit in the commissioners office every day ? The only thing to cure them would be to wipe out the $3 per diem.

There has been so far a decrease of immigration this year of 72,135 persons, the total number of arrivals being 222,056 against 294,191 during the corresponding period of last year. The improved crops of late years in many parts of Europe and the better prospects of peace have combined to make the people better contented with their lot, and less anxious to escape the evils of possible starvation and military service. It is not probable that there will be any increase in the fall months that will compensate for this decline, and the rush for the year is over by the 1st of September.

The president of the Pennsylvania Republican Association, Mr. S. R. Stratton, has lately given his views on the civil service, to the effect that "The still sow drinks the official swill," by which he means that too many Democrats yet hold office, and that these "sows" ought to be disposed of at once "while the official knife is sharp and the water hot, so as to give place to a few of the lean and hungry Republican shoats, who have been rooting and digging for the last four years in hope to get a whack at Uncle Sam's crib before the corn is all gone." Very choice sentiment in language to match.

The estimated increase of the public debt turns out to have been much too small. For the month of August it was $6,076,692, and for July $1,217,312. During the corresponding months of last year the public debt was decreased $8,662,790 and $2,879,052 respectively. This turning of a surplus into a deficit, if it continues throughout the present fiscal year, as it has begun in its first two months, will make necessary an increase of taxation instead of the relief that has been proposed. How would it do to raise the valuations, a la our county commissioners ?

A case has just been developed at Chicago which shows the danger of convicting a man of crime on circumstantial evidence. Timothy O'Grady was tried on a charge of murdering a police officer, convicted and sentenced to 17 years in the penitentiary. The circumstances surrounding the case were so strongly against him that even his own friends considered him guilty, but he persisted in asseverating his innocence. Now another convict has made a confession that it was he who killed the policeman, and that O'Grady was not a participant in the crime. Of course O'Grady will be pardoned at once, but will that be any compensation for the great wrong done him ?

After Delinquents.

An exchange is authority for the following. We make no comment, except to say, no doubt, many fail to pay for the paper they receive regularly, through negligence, and others refuse to pay their subscription for it in ignorance of the postal law. It is for those who would take a paper out of the postoffice regularly, and when pressed to pay for it, refuse to do so.

"A newspaper man in Ohio recently brought suit against forty three men who would not pay their subscriptions, and obtained judgment in each case for amount of each claim. Of these, twenty eight made affidavit that they owned no more than the law allowed, thus preventing attachment. Then under the decision of the Supreme Court, they were arrested for petty larceny and bound over in the sum of $600 each. All but six gave bond, while six go to jail. The new postal law makes it larceny to take a paper and refuse to pay for it.

Chief Justice Paxson of this state says that suits brought by children for compensation for taking care of their parents are becoming too frequent of late. He adds that "it is one of the remarkable facts incident to this class of cases that the claim for compensation is seldom or never presented to the decedend during his life but is always left to vex his legal representatives and heirs after his death.

Recovery in such cases cannot be had unless an express contract can be shown. In the absence of such contract it is the duty of a son to take care of his aged father. As the Pennsylvania supreme court says:—

"This is but a return for like duties rendered the son in his infancy by his parents. The law regards such services as but the performance of a filial duty which every man owes his parents, and implies no contract for compensation therefor.'

While many suits of this kind are brought few are successful, for the reason that the courts require either the production of a written contract or the best proof of an unequivocal verbal agreement.

Our hidden friend need have no fears lest we "fall in the ways of the Republicans." There is no act of the past whatever that we cannot justify. We will not have to answer for entering a conspiracy with traitors to defeat one of the best Democratic tickets ever nominated, nor a conspiracy to defraud any one out of property in order to make a divy with a defaulter, etc., etc., etc. The same coward recently intimated in some of his scribblings that because Spangler was intimate with some men in the other party he is not too good to sell out the Democratic party at any time. This big corporation fails in hiding his tracks and his noted jealousy wont make a great man out of him. There are hundreds of better Democrats in the county than this underhanded scribbler. He judges others by himself. Every one of his immediate following of pretended Democrats, is a patron and supporter of the Fiedler Gazette and they can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The last grand jury, has caused the Gazette man a belly ache which has now lasted five weeks already, as we are told by one who reads that sheet. He has been taking toddy right along to cure it, as much as $2 worth a day, and he still has the gripes. This is a feather in the cap of the temperance folks—whisky won't cure the belly ache. If the fellow would pay back to the county the steal of $300 in a printing job, obtained with the aid of Henderson, his conscience might be easier.

This toddy sucker, also, we are told, is inviting comparisons of "chips from the old block." Might that not be unpleasant, as it would bring in escapades with fast women in Lock Haven, and tampering with innocent girls in other parts ? Judge Orvis charged openly he could prove the chip guilty of forgery—perhaps he is worse than the old block even, thi toddy sucker.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says the elections in France resulted in crushing defeat to the Boulangists, who returned only 21 members and whose entire representation in the new Chamber, after reballoting, will not exceed 36 members. The conservatives elected 131 members and will have 30 more. The Republicans returned 218 and will secure over 100 more, making their total strength against the Chamber between 335 and 360, against 220 or 230 representing the whole reactionary Boulangist coalition. The success of the Republicans and the defeat of the Monarchy and Caesarism is a happy fact. The result of the election puts an end to the Boulangist-Monarchist conspiracy.

No one should be surprised at the low price of corn. Last year's crop was exceedingly large, and this year's, which is about maturing, will nearly duplicate it.

Old Age and Gardening.

Ex-Vice President Hannibal Hamlin is at Bangor, Me. He is 81 years old, and was vice president so long ago that the present generation need to be told that it was during Lincoln's first term. The old gentleman is in full vigor of health and mind. He walks fifteen miles a day frequently. The pride and delight of his present existence is a wonderful orchard and garden in which he works with his own hands and rears marvelous flowers and fruits.

There is something peculiarly attractive in this serene, bright sunset to one of the busiest lives of the century. The storm and excitement are past, and the old man tends his lilies and roses and gathers great luscious pears in the sunshine and blue air.

It is the ideal close of a long and busy life. Englishmen know it. When one of them approaches old age and has won a competency he retires to a house and garden in the country. He was cheated out of life with nature, in the open air, during his early years of struggle, and now he makes up for it. He communes reverently with the sublime mother, he watches the green things grow, he listens to voices that he did not hear in the heat of the strife, and is happy. We seem somehow to drift naturally back to the earth at last.

If any life could fit a man for heaven, after he has deserved well of mankind, it is this. The old Greek and Roman philosophers recognized that and betook themselves to groves and villas in the country. Our American men will recognize it too, in course of time, and as they approach the philosophical age will learn to retire gracefully and give the younger men a chance, while they themselves sip that elixir of youth that outdoor life has for all of nature's children.

Work of the Next Congress.

If the Fifty-first congress performs its tasks faithfully, it will be one of the most important and useful bodies since reconstruction days.

First, there will be an unusual number of contested election cases. They will occupy considerable time and members will have opportunity to expend the wind of their eloquence on them, so that they may afterwards settle down to the hard pan of business. After the election cases there will be made a powerful effort by those interested to get congress to subsidize lines of South American steamers. Much will be heard, and that for weeks, about the vital importance of developing our trade with South America. That no one denies, since our states have traded with themselves till they are fully supplied with goods of domestic manufacture, and a foreign outlet must be sought. The question to be decided is: Should that outlet be obtained by the co-operation of private capitalists or by subsidies from congress?

The Behring sea seal fisheries difficulty cannot be longer staved off, and congress must take hold of that and make arrangements to settle just what waters are embraced in American jurisdiction. The Samoan treaty will require to be ratified or rejected by the senate.

Then there are those three perennial blossoms on the congressional docket—the pension list, the tariff and the surplus. As to the surplus, there will not be so much of it as there was, no longer enough to be a howling menace to the further continuance of the nation. The last congress towards its close increased largely the appropriations for next year, as was rendered necessary, and these will probably be made still greater.

The pension list will be revised and classified. Regarding the tariff, a prominent Republican says that his party has pledged itself to revise the revenue duties, and is therefore bound to do so. A bill is promised to be introduced in favor of "penny postage" by some one who overlooks the fact that we already have penny postage. It would be half-penny postage if letters were to be carried through the mails for one cent. As to who will be speaker of the house—go ask the winds.

The Prince of Wales has made a prophecy. It is that if he outlives his mother he may rule over Great Britain, but democratic ideas are making such progress that he doubts if his son will ever be king. Albert Edward always did have more brains than he got credit for.

Some of the city clubs are grappling in practical fashion with the growing and detestable custom of tipping waiters and servants. They pay the servants fair wages, and then make it an offense against the club to offer them anything further. This tipping business is an evil that ought to be taken by the neck and strangled here and now. Slavery and foreign waiters have made it possible in America. Let employers who have any self respect forbid the custom on their premises. Let those who do not want to see this country like Europe, where one must fee a swarm of beggars every step he takes, be warned, and stop tipping, absolutely and forever.

The Honest Newspaper.

Philad. Times: Public newspapers have become so intimately interwoven with the progress of our civilization that they must be honest to command public respect. They are the great educators of the people; they expose hypocrisy and crime; they are the accepted champions of public and business integrity they are largely the guardians of the purity of society, of politics, of public morals, and they must be thoroughly honest to be equipped for this responsible mission.

The honest newspaper criticises public wrongs in political power with equal fidelity whether committed by friend or foe, and it defends its cause only by giving the whole truth to its readers. The time was when the blind party organ was the political teacher of the age but that period has passed away forever.

The honest newspaper must be honest alike in its convictions, its teachings and its business. It must be honest in its appeals for patronage as well as honest in its appeals for honesty in the public and private circles which it criticises. It must be honest in its circulation; honest with its advertisers; honest with all who have business relations with it.

Four Men Killed.

Wm. L. Kurtz writes the REPORTER that on Tuesday four men were killed near Berlin, Pa., by the explosion of a boiler on a timber tract of Mr. Philson The explosion is attributed to careless ness in not having a safety valve.

——More rain Thursday.

——Mrs. Anna Albright, Millheim, is suffering from a stroke of apoplexy.

——The wife of A. A. Frank, of Millheim, by a fall, broke a leg above the ankle.

——We are sending bills to those owing us; we kindly ask that they be properly honored by all—don't forget it.

——Samuel Slack arrived yesterday with a car load of sheep and cattle—140 head.

——The funeral of the Rev. Samuel M. Hamill, D. D., of Trenton on 24th, was attended by a number of prominent men. The deceased was a brother of Rev. Dr. Hamill, of Oak Hall, this county.

——Any on desiring a Brown wagon, for two horses, made in Cleveland, a standard, and the best in the U. S., warranted, magnificent finish, inquire at the mill; price $70, the highest class. Same wagon with tubular axle, $73.

——Whatt he Philad. Branch does not have in the line of ready-made clothing, i not worth having. The spring stock now on the counters is immense and goes ahead of anything you ever saw. Lewins is King for low prices.

——Potatoes are retailing in some sections of the Clearfield region at $1 per bushel. They are selling in this valley at 40 to 45 cts. per bushel, and are scarce on account of the rot.

——All the New Woolens for the coming season now being received. Liberal discount for early orders during the dull season. Our Fall stock will be the finest ever shown. *Prices and a good fit guaranteed.* MONTGOMERY & Co., Tailors, Bellefonte.

——The great popularity of the Oxygen treatment, (in its various combinations,) with all classes, is due to the great success in the treatment of all chronic diseases. See Dr. Clemens, the specialist, at the Brockerhoff House, Bellefonte, Sept. 25. Send to the Sanitarium, Allentown, Pa., for testimonials. Consultation free.

——At the Perry county fair, at Newport, on Tuesday evening, the stables on the grounds were destroyed by fire along with the high board fence adjacent and the machinery building. Twenty-seven horses were in the stables and two were burned—General Pulaski, a fine black stallion, valued at $4,000 and owned by McDaniels and Bitzer, of Lancaster, and General Schuyler, valued at $2,800, and owned by T. J. Middagh, of Patterson. It is suspected that the fire originated in one of the stables where some boys were playing cards.

Centre Hall Mills.

Fine granulated corn meal and No. 1 rye flour, at the Centre Hall mills. Also all grades of flour, feed, bran, cracked corn, hard and soft coal, etc. Terms cash, or in exchange. Cow feed, 90 cents per 100.

Farms for Sale.

The following farms are advertised for sale in the REPORTER:

Four farms of Mrs. Gov. Curtin.
Earm of John Oswald, dec'd.
Farm of Samuel Spangler, dec'd.

Married.

In Bellefonte, September 19th, 1889, by John B. Linn, Esq., Samuel F. Hosband, of Union township, to Miss Maggie E. Fleisher, of Centre Hall.

At Lemont on Thursday at 12 o'clock Sept. 12th, John H. Klinger and Minnie S. Mulberger, by Rev. J. C. Young, of Pine Grove Mills, Pa.

On the 19th inst. by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, Mr. Samuel Slyer of Coburn, and Miss Annie Leeder of Peal, Clearfield county.

On the 22 inst by Rev. ——, Mr. Edward Rozer of Millheim and Miss Minnie Miller of Sugar Valley.

On Sept. 22, at Aaronsburg, by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, Mr. Wallace E. Kerstetter, of Madisonburg, and Miss Lizzie A. Snyder, of Penn Hall.

Died.

In Georges Valley Sept. 20, Mrs. Catherine Gensel, age 84 yrs. 9 m. and 15 days,

Barn Burners in Juniata.

A reign of terror, similar to that existed in the barn-burning district of Adams and York counties last spring prevails in Walker township, Juniata county, about five miles southeast of Mifflintown. About three weeks ago the large barn on the Seiber farm was burned. While the circumstances were such as to suggest incendiarism, no thorough investigation was made at the time. On last Thursday night David Hetrick's was burned, and the people began to talk of investigating. On Sunday morning early the large barn belonging to William Kauffman was set on fire and the blaze illuminated the heavens for a broad expanse. The barn was soon reduced to ashes. Thoroughly alarmed the residents of Walker township were organizing to watch the properties in that section, when to add to their terror, the large barn of Matthew Rodgers was set on fire on Tuesday evening almost before dusk, and was entirely destroyed but the incendiary managed to elude detection. It was with great difficulty that the Rodgers homestead was saved, and required hard work to save the houses and buildings on the other farms. The entire crop, nine head of horses and two calves were burned in the Hetrick barn; both Kauffman and Rodgers managed to get their stock out, but a lot of valuable farming implements were destroyed. All of the burned barns were located within a mile of each other, and that the fires were incendiary origin is beyond dispute, although the motive is unknown. The county commissioners have offered a reward of $500 for the arrest and conviction of the guilty party or parties.

Half Rates to the National Capital via P. R. R.

Apart from a Presidential inauguration no more brilliant event has ever occurred in Washington than the triennial conclave of Knights Templar from October 8th to 11th, 1889. Every three years this event attracts the attention of the country to some city, but for many years past western cities have enjoyed the honor. Washington is now the favored point, and it may well be said that no city in the world is better adapted to such a purpose. Wide avenues, hedged by handsome buildings form a background for a grand spectacular display that cannot be surpassed in America. It will be a gala week in the Capital, and thousands of people will go to witness it.

In order that every inducement may be offered the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will reduce its rates to Washington on this occasion by onehalf. This company will sell excursion tickets to Washington from all ticket stations on its lines, October 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th, valid for return until October 31st, 1889, at one fare for the round trip.

On the return trip a stop-off, within the limit, will be allowed at Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Trenton, Harrisburg, Williamsport, Elmira, Emporium and Corry, according to the route of the traveler.

Agents will furnish specific rates on application.

Sugar Valley Railroad.

The Sugar Valley Journal says: The Journal has repeatedly stated that the Bellefonte and Eastern Railroad which is to traverse east and west through this valley would be built. It has always been of that opinion, and we are now more steadfast in our belief than ever that it will be built. From present signs and indications it is fully evident that what we have said was correct. The time is drawing close when the work of construction will commence. Superintendent J. I. Higbee, Chief Engineer H. C. Richter and Mr, Charles Gould arrived here on Tuesday, and are now engaged in locating the line and making necessary arrangements preparatory to commence work on the road. As we understand they mean business and have rented several old houses along the line for Italian shanties. Mr Higbee informs us to state, however, that employment will be given first to all the idle men in the valley who may desire to work for them, and if a sufficient number can be secured no Italians will be engaged. The people are favorably impressed with the idea and there is great excitement all along the line.

The Centre County Prohibitionists.

The third party met in convention in the court house in Bellefonte on last Thursday and completed an organization by electing Rev. A. K. Felton, of Philipsburg, permanent chairman and Rev. J. Zeigler, of Wingate, secretary. After all the preliminary business was transacted the convention proceeded with the nominations, which resulted in the following ticket being chosen: Associate judge, William P. Fischer, of Unionville; district attorney, H. H. Harshbarger, of Bellefonte; prothonotary, George W. Ganoe; county surveyor, Samuel J. Dale; coroner, Dr. W. L. Bigelow.

The resolutions passed endorsed the state and national platforms and denounced the two old parties for their digressions in favor of whisky. A good fund was raised to carry on the fall campaign. This was the largest county convention ever held by the prohibitionists in this county, and the delegates in attendance reported many new recruits. A number of prominent ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was in attendance.

"Robin's Farewell," Caprice for Piano, by Fischer, is the very latest of recent publications of new music. Mr. Fischer has a happy faculty in writing pleasing and melodious music interesting to pupil and teacher. It is dedicated to the Sisters of Charity, who—like many other successful teachers—are using same very extensively. Mailed on receipt of 50 cts. in postage stamps by Ign. Fischer, publisher, Toledo, Ohio.

Rebersburg.

Some of our visitors during the week were M. F. C. Dinges, of Lincoln, Neb.; David and Henry Bierly, of Toledo, O.; Henry Watts, of Kenova; Mrs. Hannah Fulmer, of Lewisburg; Mrs. Miles Mattern and Mrs. David Mattern, of Scotia; and Mr. Huff, of Hartleton.

Miss Minnie Conser returned from her visit to New Berlin, last Friday, accompanied by her brother Prof. Harry Conser, of Central Penna. College. The Prof. staid until Monday when he again left for New Berlin.

John Winters and Miss Maggie Weber, a young couple of this place took a trip to Camden last Tuesday. They returned Wednesday husband and wife. They were married by Rev. Schlagenbach, of Camden. May they live long and prosper.

Last Saturday afternoon James Schreckengast, a young man well known at this place, was accidentally killed at his home in Sugar Valley. He was engaged in cutting down a tree which fell upon him crushing his head and killing him instantly.

Elmer Miller took sick with inflamation of the bowels last week while attending the Granger's picnic. He was taken to the home of his father-in-law, Mr. Weber, where he remained until Sunday, when he he was taken home to his parents in Kreamerville, where he will remain until able to work again. He is slowly improving.

Howard Condo and family who moved to Johnstown in the spring, returned last Friday. They intend making Brush Valley their home in the future.

Prof. C. L. Gramley and family are visiting in Nittany Valley this week.

Mrs. Annie Winkelblech is visiting relatives in Lycoming co.

The wet weather the last few weeks has delayed our farmers considerably. Some are not yet done sowing.

A large number of our people are attending fair at Lewisburg this week.

We had the first frost of the season Monday morning.

Walnut Grove.

Tone Noll moved from Nittany Mt. into the Gap last week where he will now keep a boarding house. The former occupant, John Charles, moved to Boalsburg, having bought a property there.

Daniel Colyer, who was so unfortunate as to have a leg broken, is getting along as well as can be expected under the circumstances,

The farmers are about through seeding now, and are ready for picking apples, topping corn, etc., which is next on the program.

Miss Hannah Showalter, of Glenn Iron, after attending the Grange picnic, spent several days with friends in our locality.

Mrs. Mattie Meyer, who had been on the sick list has improved and is able to be about again.

Wm. Lyons, of Bellefonte, accompanied by Mrs Hoops, of Phila., were here Monday.

Anyone in need of good fence makers should call in our vicinity where they will find several experienced persons ready to do work of that kind on short notice.

John Meyer and David Bohn, Jr., were long about getting home from the picnic, but suppose they were delayed near Pine Stump, hence their late arrival:

Cyrus Durst gave one of McCalmont's sulkey plows a trial and says it gives satisfaction.

The party of four who started for singing at Tusseyville on Sunday evening by all accounts did not reach that place, the reason for not doing so we will leave for them to answer.

Aaronsburg.

John Sylvis who went to Canada a few years ago is back again to the old burg and has opened a boot and shoe shop. He reports living high, wages low and the winters exceedingly cold.

Rev. Yearick sold his horse, Prince to H. J. Crouse of Lock Haven for $140. He ships his carriage buggy and sleigh with his household goods.

John Winkleblech eldest son of Adam Winkleblech dec'd, who left these parts some forty years ago, is at present visiting his old home. His present home is in Iowa.

A little daughter of Cyrus Philips, living with her grandfather, Aaron Weaver, fell one day last week and fractured her arm near the wrist. The child suffered for several days before a physician was called.

Mrs. Al Frank of Millheim fell from the hay mow and fractured her leg near the ankle. She was on the mow looking after some chicks and in getting down slipped and fell with the above result.

Lew Mensch who has been suffering for several weeks with a very sore knee is slowly improving and will soon be able to be about again.

Jerry Winkleblech bought his fathers farm at public sale at $51.25 per acre. The farm contains 136 acres.

Linden Hall.

Our agent reports 300 tickets sold from here to Centre Hall during the picnic.

Prof. P. H. Meyer has just completed his summer term of instrumental music. The class numbered 43 scholars.

Mrs. D. T. Wieland and Mrs. J. Will Keller are off on a two week's visit to Sunbury, Harrisburg and Lebanon.

Messrs. Meek & Nagle are shipping two car loads of prop timber daily.

We are sorry to hear of our neighbor, Samuel Kern moving away. Couldn't you get a job from Joe McClellan, Samuel, if you would try ?

The Rock Hill Sunday school just purchased a very fine library for the school

Adam Zeigler expects to go to Williamsport Monday next to finish a commercial course not completed last spring on account of the flood.

J. T. Ross and P. H. Meyer will take in the Union co. fair this week.

Sprucetown.

The school directors of Potter township met at Centre Hill last Saturday and voted in their teachers for the coming school term, which will open Monday, 30th.

The M. E. church will hold their third quarterly meeting at this place Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 5 and 6.

Mr. D. E. Bible, has bought the old Grenoble stand at Spring Mills and intends having a new store room erected for business about December 1. He also expects to handle grain and coal in a week or so.

Some of the people of this vicinity had the misfortune to be slyly relieved of their eatables, shawls, buggy spreads, etc., at the picnic last week.

Last Monday morning we had the first frost at this place for this fall.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject--"The City Streets."

TEXT: *"Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets."*—Prov. i., 20.

We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature—the voices of the mountain, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the star. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature day responds to day, and night to night, and flower to flower, and star to star, in the great harmonies of the universe. The spring time is an evangelist in blossoms preaching of God's love; and the winter is a prophet—white bearded—denouncing woe against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature; but how few of us learn anything from the voices of the noisy and dusty street. You go to your merchandise, and your mechanism, and to your work, and you come back again—and often with an indifferent heart you pass through the streets. Are there no things for us to learn from these pavements over which we pass? Are there no tufts of truth growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil, and pain, and pleasure, the slow tread of old age, and the quick step of childhood? Aye, there are great harvests to be reaped; and now I trust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets."

In the first place the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By 10 o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels, and shuffling with feet, and humming with voices, and covered with the breath of smokestacks, and a rush with traffickers. Once in a while you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do; but for the most part, as you find men going down these streets, on the way to business, there is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with a hod of bricks, out of this bank with a roll of bills, on this dray with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms, and thousand eyes, and thousand feet, goes on singing her song of work! work! work! while the mills drum it, and the steam whistles fife it. All this is not because men love toil. Some one remarked: "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be."

But it is because necessity, with stern brow and with uplifted whip, stands over them ready whenever they relax their toil to make their shoulders sting with the lash. Can it be that, passing up and down these streets on your way to work and business, you do not learn anything of the world's toil, and anxiety, and struggle? Oh! how many drooping hearts, how many eyes on the watch, how many miles traveled, how many burdens carried, how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many defeats suffered, how many exasperations endured—what losses, what hunger, what wretchedness, what pallor, what disease, what agony, what despair! Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitude went hither and yon, and it has seemed to be a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid, tossed and turned aside, and dashing ahead and driven back—beautiful in its confusion and confused in its beauty. In the carpeted aisles of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast tosses the tangled foam, sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God; but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study man. Going down to your place of business and coming home again, I charge you look about—see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement—and as you go through the streets, and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the suffering, all the bereavements of those whom you pass, and present them in prayer before an all sympathetic God. Then in the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never exchanged one word who will rise up and call you blessed; and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in heaven, saying: "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry and sick, and wandering, and lost, and heart broken. That is the man, that is the woman," and the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: "I was hungry and ye fed Me, I was naked and ye clothed Me, I was sick and in prison and ye visited Me; inasmuch as ye did to these poor waifs of the streets, ye did it to Me."

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes culture a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Gloves hate the sunburned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head; and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to do with the wild copsewood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not to be so. The astronomer must come down from his starry revelry and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the soils. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering coach wheel clashes against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against the peddler's pack. Robust health meets wan sickness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Independence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the same city. Oh! that is what Solomon meant when he said: "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of them all." I like this democratic principle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which recognizes the fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs; whatever position you have gained in society, you are nothing but a man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same Spirit, cleansed by the same blood, to lie down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all acknowledged not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and to get to heaven. Infinite temptations spring upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid so much affluence how much temptation to covetousness and to be discontented with our humble lot. Amid so many opportunities for overreaching, what temptation to extortion. Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity. Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what allurement to dissipation. In the maelstroms of the street, how many make quick and eternal shipwreck. If a man-of-war comes back from a battle, and is towed into the navy yard, we go down to look at the splintered spars and count the bullet holes, and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the masthead. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through thirty years of the sharpshooting of business life, and yet sails on, victor over the temptations of the street. Oh! how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as the patch of canvas to tell where they perished. They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had an ax, and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very best wine there is a smack of the poor man's sweat. Oh! is it strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses, he is disturbed with indigestion? All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him, and the earthquake to swallow him, and the fires to consume him, and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are on every street, and in the day when the crowns of heaven are distributed, some of the brightest will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance, and mighty shall be their triumph.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of pretensions and sham. What subterfuge, what double dealing, what twofacedness! Do all the people who wish you good morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all the people who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who ask you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends to know? Is there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant show window? Passing up and down these streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that much of society is hollow, and that there are subterfuges and pretensions? Oh! how many there are who swagger and strut, and how few people are natural and walk. While fops simper, and fools chuckle, and simpletons giggle, how few people are natural and laugh. The courtesan and the libertine go down the street in beautiful apparel, while within the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their life away. I say these things not to create in you incredulity and misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem; but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life until he knows this particular peril. Ehud comes pretending to pay his tax to King Eglon, and while he stands in front of the King, stabs him through with a dagger until the haft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering, and want and wrechedness in the country; but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime prowls, and drunkenness staggers, and shame winks, and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here want is most squalid and hunger is most lean. A Christian man, going along a street in New York, saw a poor lad and he stopped and said: "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked the question twice and thrice: "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said in defiance: "No, sir; I can't read nor write, neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't he take away my father so long ago I never remember to have seen him? and haven't I had to go along the street to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks? and didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up cinders, and never have no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read, sir. I can't read nor write neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your means; and if you are too lazy to go, and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way, and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest, when Christ's chariot comes along, the horses' hoofs trample you into the mire. Beware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. One cold winter's day, as a Christian man was going along the Battery in New York, he saw a little girl seated at the gate, shivering in the cold. He said to her: "My child, what do you sit there for, this cold day?" "Oh," she replied, "I am waiting—I am waiting for somebody to come and take care of me." "Why," said the man, "what makes you think anybody will come and take care of you." "Oh," she said, "my mother died last week and I was crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, my dear; though I am gone and your father is gone, the Lord will send somebody to take care of you.' My mother never told a lie; she said some one would come and take care of me, and I am waiting for them to come." O yes, they are waiting for you. Men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish.

Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. I see expectancy written on almost every face I meet between here and Brooklyn Bridge, or walking the whole length of Broadway. Where you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one man stopping and looking back. The fact is, God made us all to look ahead because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on the streets I hear the tramp of a great host, marching and marching for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world populous and tremendous. Through God's grace, may you reach that blessed place. A great throng fills those boulevards and the streets are a-rush with the chariots of conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep and they never toil. A river flows through that city, with rounded and luxurious banks, and trees of life laden with everlasting fruitage bend their branches to dip the crystal. No plumed hearse rattles over that pavement, for they are never sick. With immortal health glowing in every vein they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those palaces of beauty, gleam in the light of a sun that never sets. Oh, heaven, beautiful heaven! Heaven, where our friends are. They take no census in that city, for it is inhabited by "a multitude which no man can number." Rank above rank. Host above host. Gallery above gallery, sweeping all around the heavens. Thousands of thousands. Millions of millions. Blessed are they who enter in through the gate into that city. Oh! start for it to-day. Through the blood of the great sacrifice of the Son of God, take up your march to heaven. "The Spirit and the Bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Join this great throng marching heavenward. All the doors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and there were twelve pearls."

A tool, after it has been forged, should be so hardened or tempered that it will never want to come to the fire again until it has so worn down that it requires forging. This saves the time lost in a second hardening; and it avoids the damage always done to the cutting power by rehardening without forging.

Leather chair-seats may be revived by rubbing them with well-beaten white of an egg. Leather bindings of books may also be cleansed by this method. White Roman bindings should be washed with a soft flannel saturated with soapsuds.

Mr. A. Stanley Williams reports that an examination of the head of the comet Pons-Brooks, with a power of 110, revealed a central point brighter than any of the rest. At times nearly the whole of the head was sprinkled with spots or condensations, but none of them equaled in intensity the brightness of the central one.

"Haga."

Translated from the German, by B. E. AUERY.

Haga was the most beautiful maiden in Falsterbo. When she stood upon the sand dunes which a centuries harvesting of the foaming sea had made between her and the little town which she hated. When she permitted her dark eyes to sweep over to Moren, when the wind tumbled her dress and blew her blond hair around her white forehead—then one might think one of Wotans fair daughters kept a lookout over the ever raging waves; which sometimes deposited the wreck of a ship, sometimes a pale man, on the dunes. How softly the sea did this, how noiselessly she shoved her victims upon the bright sands, then how cowardly she withdrew, as if she had no part in the misery whose traces she left behind. How the waves ran to and fro and hissed, and pressed upon each other, laughing over the washing up of what they had previously in mighty anger destroyed. The people in Falsterbo knew the sea, they feared it; for it took from them often their dearest—they loved it too; for it was their existence. Those who lived in the little town were brought up on the sea. It was the store room, the work shop, the recreation preserve of the people of Falsterbo and it was to them, whatever it had done in its fury, their best friend. Without the sea there would be no Falsterbo, indeed the once powerful Falsterbo resembles now a great town superannuated. It has indeed become still, in the old Hansatown in which once the bustle of the beautiful market reigned. The sea-sand lies foot deep in its streets, the houses slowly sink down in it. Its inhabitants belong to the most silent of men. They dream and listen. In Falsterbo one knew but one way to reckon time. The storm floods were their beginning and terminus. "Steina died before the last Spring flood." "At the time of the flood which bore away the followers—"

Thus they reckon time in Falsterbo. The pale flame of the light tower trembled on the waves and laid dismally upon the jagged cliffs of Falsterbo channel. In the heavens hung bright edged, ragged clouds and it seemed as if the moon performed a wild dance, as its light came and went fitfully. The sea roared and the coast trembled. Haga Brigern stood on the beach. Anxiously she looked out into the darkness. Between the pale lights which leaped up and down with the waves, appeared now and then a red light. Klas Andersen is out there, the man to whom she was promised as a bride by her dying mother.

Not love, only the feeling of duty drove Haga out on the beach when Klas did not return at the usual time.

Haga had never loved Klas. She feared his roughness. She hated his meanness. She had asked no questions regarding his money. If he was tender, she grew pale, nevertheless she would become his wife; the dead never take back a promise. But she hated him, first with full consciousness, when Jerusohn Krasenstierna came home. A boy he had left home three years before, and now, several weeks ago, had returned a magnificent man. India's sun had browned his features, they looked as if formed of polished brass. A metalic lustre lay upon his dark brown hair and his eyes, in whose depths a warm golden light shone, completed the charm of his beautiful face which none, felt to be as charmingly sweet, as beautiful Haga. Jerusohn Krasenstierna had chosen his native town for his winter quarters. He soon avoided Klas Andersen. He felt a strange impulse to put his hands on his throat; also, he avoided Haga for he soon learned that she was not only beautiful but that she was pure as none others were. But now—now he stood close to her and stared as she did, out into the changeful darkness. Just as she saw the reddish light outline a wave, just as she sent forth a cry, he sprang up close beside her. She was not surprised. She always thought about him and she knew that he, also, always lingered in spirit by her. Now, indeed, his body came too. Haga looked up hastily, then she pointed beyond. "He is between the reefs," she said, screamed above the howling of the storm. Jerusohn said nothing, but looked upon Haga with passionate eyes. She felt the glance and trembled. "Your boat lies below," She cried, and forced him from her.

"Shall I bring him to you?" Jerushon answered her—he whispered it close to her ear, for he held her in his arms.

How long? She knew not. At last Haga tore herself loose. Pale, they looked each other in the face, for the space of a moment then Jerusohn Krasenstierna ran to his boat. Haga's eyes stared in the direction where now and then came from the height and depth of the water, a reddish light. Klas still lived. Haga sighed released from heavy torment. Still Klas lived. Haga was agitated with fear. A wild cry sounded across the water. A cheering call answered it. Haga sank upon her knees. The red light disappeared. Perhaps after an hour, perhaps after an eternity, who knows? Jerushon returned. He was as red from intense labor as was Haga white from terror. "Come," he said with a rough voice, and looking one side. "Go," she answered passionately, with eyes staring before her into the darkness, which would now and forever be hers. Alone, each went home. Noiselessly the sea lay Klas Andersen upon the dunes. The winter passed. The pine tree on the sand and the heather at its foot took on a new growth. The white immortelles rustling lightly, pressed each other closely. The grayish blue, high stemmed beach thistles stretched themselves upward, they wished to see Jerushon Krasenstierna once more. He sprang into his boat, the blood-red sea-wrack rustled under its keel. Jerushon's eyes wandered sadly over the beach. They did not find Haga.

Ten years have passed. One gloomy autumn day the people of Falsterbo were assembled in the church yard. Each carried a shovel, for the storm during the night had again covered with sand the graves of their loved ones. Sullenly, silently, sadly they uncovered their graves. It grew dark early, and early the church yard was deserted. In one corner still knelt a woman. She prayed devoutly. Between times she cleared the grave, raised the ivy leaves and shook the sand from the evergreen bushes. She did not observe that a man approached her. The sand in the path muffled the sound of his steps. The wind that rustled in the poplars swallowed up his sigh. Presently he raised his head, presently he stretched forth his arms. "Haga!" he cried tremblingly. She lifted her head and raised her arms while a slight flush passed over her face. For the space of a moment it was as if both pressed toward each other over the mound, then Haga's arms fell, her face was still as before. "God greet you Jerushon Krasenstierna," she said softly.

"So! in such a manner you receive me," he cried. "Have we not indeed atoned sufficiently, if there was upon the whole anything to atone for," he added sorrowfully. She looked at him filled with grief. "Go!" she said sadly. "Go Jerushon, go, we can no more be happy with each other. This grave separates us forever." Jerushon's eyes grew dark, he pressed his hands together. "Go!" she said again, softly. Then he turned away and went with uneven steps, between the graves, ascended the sand dunes which surrounded the church yard and was soon lost in twilight. Meanwhile, he went faster and still faster, taking painful leave, step by step of home and hope.

Haga, praying, knelt on the grave of Klas Andersen. The poplars trembled, the night wind sighed, the sound of the sea was heard across the sand dunes.

Haga Brizzern and Jerushon Krasenstierna never saw each others faces again.

A Want of Tact.

We hear about man's inhumanity to man, but nothing about women's inhumanity. It is astonishing how much bitterness has been caused by almost unintentional rudeness. An exchange puts the matter in its true light when it says:—"Women stab each other daily in conversation without intending to be malicious." Tact is, perhaps, the rarest and most valuable of gifts. She who has it can get on happily without any beauty and almost without brains. She who has it not cannot get on at all without constant attrition. She hurts where she would heal, and wonders at the resentment that follows her well-meant efforts. There are several "Don'ts" which should be considered whenever two or more women are gathered together. For instance: Don't say to a friend "How stout you are growing." No woman likes to be told that she is growing or has grown stout. If it be a fact, she is doubtless well aware of it and anxious to keep others from discovering it. You would not think of saying to her, "How ugly you are growing!" yet what you have said is of very much the same nature, for most women consider any approach to stoutness as so many steps taken in the direction of the loss of beauty.

If you are really polite you will do all in your power to turn your friend's thoughts from any distressing or annoying channel.

Don't say "How thin you are!" either for both women and men loathe to be told that they are either stout or thin. Unless you can say "How well you are looking!" it were better to make no remark on the personal appearance of your friend.

Don't tell a friend who has on a particularly becoming gown or bonnet that she looks ten years younger in that than in anything you have ever seen her wear. That is at best but a dubious compliment. You mean it to be flattering, but it is equivalent to saying, "All your other gowns are unbecoming and make you look old." No woman wants one garment praised at the expense of every other that she possesses. Don't tell her, either, that it is the most becoming thing you have ever seen her wear. That is an impeachment of her taste heretofore, though you probably have no such thought.

If you should notice a bit of black court-plaster on a friend's cheek, don't try to be witty by pointing to it and asking her if she has been fighting. Nothing could be less delicate. It forces her to speak about it, and that certainly cannot be agreeable to her. She knows it is there, certainly, or it would not be there, hence it is superfluous as well as offensive to speak of it.

In these days, when hair changes its color with much greater facility than the leopard can change his spots, don't ask a friend if her hair was not lighter or darker some years ago when you first knew her. Such a question may be embarrassing to her, and may force her to explain what is entirely her own affair. Whatever pertains to one's toilet is of a strictly private nature and the well bred stranger or friend intermeddleth not.

When elderly persons are present don't tell how you dread and hate the thought of old age.

Don't introduce subjects of conversation which could prove offensive to anyone present.

In society, though you have beauty, grace, wealth and learning, and have not tact—you have nothing.

"Lady doctors" are a great success in India. Not only have the native women proved themselves to be generally well fitted for the arduous duties attendant upon medical studies, but they have in some cases succeeded beyond all ordinary expectation. Bombay, Madras, the Northwest provinces and the Punjaub all return flattering reports on the subject, and when we say that a class of female students can average over 700 marks out of 1,000 in a surgical examination, as we hear has been the case, little can be said against their power of skill or aptitude for gaining knowledge in one of the most important branches of the medical profession. Indeed, it appears not unlikely that women in India may prove themselves by no means inferior to men in most branches of the practice of medicine, if the progress made by native females in hospital work may be taken as a criterion. In many cases they have proved themselves superior to male students in college examinations, and in no way behind them in application, power of reasoning and resource. The fact that much of their success is due to the great interest taken in their studies by their lecturers and professors is not without a certain special significance.

The darkest day, to-morrow will have passed away.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 29, 1889.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

HOME READINGS.

TITLES AND GOLDEN TEXTS.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.*—1 Sam. 15 : 22.

I. SAMUEL CALLED OF GOD.

Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth.—1 *Sam.* 3 : 10.

II. THE SORROWFUL DEATH OF ELI.

His sone made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.—1 *Sam.* 3 : 13.

III. SAMUEL THE REFORMER.

Cease to do evil; learn to do well.—*Isa.* 1 : 16, 17.

IV. ISRAEL ASKING FOR A KING.

Nevertheless the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel; and they said, Nay; but we will have a king over us.—1 *Sam.* 8 : 19.

V. SAUL CHOSEN OF THE LORD.

By me kings reign, and princes decree justice.—*Prov.* 8 : 15.

VI. SAMUEL'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great *things* he hath done for you. —1 *Sam.* 12 : 24.

VII. SAUL REJECTED BY THE LORD.

Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from *being* king.—1 *Sam.* 15 : 23.

VIII. THE ANOINTING OF DAVID.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—1 *Sam.* 16 : 7.

IX. DAVID AND GOLIATH.

If God *be* for us, who *can be* against us?—*Rom.* 8 : 31.

X. DAVID AND JONATHAN.

There is a friend *that* sticketh closer than a brother.—*Prov.* 18 : 24.

XI. DAVID SPARING SAUL.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—*Rom.* 12 : 21.

XII. DEATH OF SAUL AND HIS SONS.

The face of the Lord *is* against them that do evil.—*Psa.* 34 : 16.

REVIEW BIBLE LIGHTS.

Superintendent: Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that through patience and through comfort of the scriptures we might have hope (Rom. 15 : 4).

Lesson 1.—Superintendent: And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go, lie down: and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord: for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel (1 Sam. 3 : 8-10).

Scholars: Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth (1 Sam. 3 : 10).

Teachers: He that hath ears to hear, let him hear (Matt. 11 : 15).

All: I will hear what God the Lord will speak (Psa. 85 : 8).

Lesson 2. — Superintendent: And he that brought the tidings answered and said, Israel is fled before the Philistines, and there hath been also a great slaughter among the people, and thy two sons also, Hophni and Phinehas, are dead, and the ark of God is taken. And it came to pass, when he made mention of the ark of God, that he fell from off his seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died (1 Sam. 4 : 17, 18).

Scholars: His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not (1 Sam. 3 : 13).

Teachers: A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him (Prov. 17 : 25).

All: O let me not wander from thy commandments (Psa. 119 : 10).

Lesson. 3. — Superintendent: And Samuel spake unto all the house of Israel, saying, If ye do return unto the Lord with all your heart, then put away the strange gods and the Ashtaroth from among you, and prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only: and he will deliver you out of the hand of the Philistines (1 Sam. 7 : 3).

Scholars: Cease to do evil; learn to do well (Isa. 1 : 16, 17).

Teachers: If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land (Isa. 1 : 19).

All: The Lord our God will we serve, and unto his voice will we hearken (Josh. 24 : 24).

Lesson 4.—Superintendent: And the Lord said unto Samuel, Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee: for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not be king over them (1 Sam. 8 : 7),

Scholars; Nevertheless the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel, and they said, Nay; but we will have a king over us (1 Sam. 8: 19)

Teachers: The Lord is king forever and ever (Psa. 10: 16).

All: He is Lord of lords, and King of kings (Rev. 17: 14).

Lesson 5.—Superintendent: Now the Lord had revealed unto Samuel a day before Saul came, saying, To-morrow about this time I will send thee a man out of the land of Benjamin, and thou shalt anoint him to be prince over my people Israel, and he shall save my people out of the hand of the Philistines: for I have looked upon my people, because their cry is come unto me (1 Sam. 9: 15, 16).

Scholars: By me kings reign, and princes decree justice (Prov. 8: 15).

Teachers: The powers that be are ordained of God (Rom. 13: 1).

All: Therefore he that resisteth the power, withstandeth the ordinance of God (Rom. 13: 2).

Lesson 6.—Superintendent: If ye will fear the Lord, and serve him, and hearken unto his voice, and not rebel against the commandment of the Lord, and both ye and also the king that reigneth over you be followers of the Lord your God, well: but if ye will not hearken unto the voice of the Lord, but rebel against the commandment of the Lord, then shall the hand of the Lord be against you, as it was against your fathers (1 Sam. 12: 14, 15).

Scholars: Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you (1 Sam. 12: 24).

Teachers: The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge (Prov. 1: 7).

All: Unite my heart to fear thy name (Psa. 86: 11).

Lesson 7. — Superintendent: And Samuel said, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as idolatry and teraphim (1 Sam. 15: 22, 23).

Scoolars: Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king (1 Sam. 15: 23).

Teachers: But now the Lord saith, ...Them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed (1 Sam. 2: 30).

All: My mouth shall be filled with thy praise, and with thy honour all the day (Pso. 71: 8).

Lesson 8.—Superintendent: And Samuel said unto Jessee, Are here all thy children? And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold he keepeth the sheep. And Samuel said unto Jesse, send and fetch him: for we will not sit down till he come hither. And he sent, and brought him in. Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look upon. And the Lord said, Arise and anoint him: for this is he (1 Sam. 16: 11, 12).

Scholars: Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart (1 Sam. 16: 7).

Teachers: Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God (Matt. 5: 8).

All: Create in me a clean heart, O God (Psa. 55: 10).

Lesson 9.—Superintendent: And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hastened, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead; and the stone sank into his forhead, and he fell upon his face to the earth (1 Sam. 17: 48; 49).

Scholars: If God be for us, who can be against us? (Rom. 8: 31).

Teachers: Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world (Matt. 28; 20).

All: The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge (Psa. 46: 11).

Lesson 10. — Superintendent: And Jonathan said unto David, the Lord, the God of Israel, be witness; when I have sounded my father about this time to-morrow, or the third day, behold, if there be good toward David, shall I not then send unto the, and disclose it unto thee? The Lord do so to Jonathan, and more also, should it please my father to do thee evil, if I disclose it not unto thee, and send thee away, that thou mayest go in peace: and the Lord be with thee, as he hath been with my father (1 Sam, 20: 12, 13).

Scholars: There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother (Prov. 18: 24).

Teachers: Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not (Prov. 27: 10).

All: Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God (Ruth 1: 16).

Lesson 11.—Superintendent: And it came to pass, when David had made an end of speaking these words unto Saul, that Saul said, Is this thy voice, my son David? And Saul lifted up his voice, and wept. And he said to David, Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rendered unto me good, whereas I have rendered unto thee evil (1 Sam. 24: 16, 17).

Scholars: Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good (Rom. 12: 21).

Teachers: Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you (Matt. 5: 44).

All: God commendeth his own love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us (Rom. 5: 8).

Lesson 12.—Superintendent: So Saul died, and his three sons, and his armourbearer, and all his men, that same day together. And when the men of Israel that were on the other side of the valley, and they that were beyond Jordan, saw that the men of Israel fled, and that Saul and his sons were dead, they forsook the cities, and fled; and the Philistines came and dwelt in them (1 Sam. 31: 6, 7).

Scholars: The face of the Lord is against them that do evil (Psa. 34: 16).

Teachers: Evil-doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the land (Psa. 37: 9).

All: Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me (Psa. 19: 13).

In New York women are allowed to practice at the bar, but the legal schools are not open to them, while in Zurich they are free to study law alongside the men and are admitted to all the legal degrees, but find aimless obstacles in the way of establishing a practice after they have graduated. And Dr. Kempin, having graduated with honors, found it necessary to come to New York to make a practice for herself. Being a graduate of another university, the University of New York was obliged to admit her to their lectures, where she has familiarized herself with American law, having been perfectly familiar with the language before she arrived, and is now prepared to teach law in the new school. She is already beginning to build up a practice here, and the Swiss in New York come to her to have their wills drawn up and to get advice on questions of international law.

Direct electric lighting of one of the trains of the District Railway between Kensington and Putney, England, is stated to be very successful. The light is not only superior to that obtained from oil or gas, but is reported to cost only two-thirds that of the latter.

Dr. Laujourois recommends potassium dichromate as an exceedingly useful deodorizer and disinfecting agent. He considers it would be of great use in the treatment of diseases due to microbia.

FARM NOTES.

THE POTATO'S NEW ENEMY.—A new disease of the Irish potato has been discovered by Professor J. Lamson Scribner (formerly of Girard College) at the Experiment station at Knoxville, Tennessee. "The disease first appears in numerous small pimples, each surrounded by a slight depression, In advanced stages the pimples and depressed borders occupy the entire surface of the tubers, which become much shrunken. The skin is broken over the point of the pimples, giving them a grayish color. The potatoes gradually become reduced in size, dried out of shape, and finally are very dry and hard. The cause of the disease was shown by microscopic examination to be thread-worms or nematodes, which were present in great numbers, the largest of them being about one-fiftieth of an inch in length. Nothing is known of the history of this parasitic potato-eel, so that no remedial treatment can be suggested. Many of these parasitic nematodes pass a period of their existence in the ground, so that it is probable that they were introduced into the University farm from infected seed—for an infected tuber would be certain to carry the worms to the new crop, thus perpetuating the disease.

CROWS.—A New England farmer who found that the crows were pulling up his corn carried a bundle newspapers to the field, opened and spread them over the ground, putting a stone in the middle of each, and allowing the wind to sway them, making at times quite a disturbance in the field. He found it a perfect protection. Another farmer says that years ago he made an agreement with the crows that if they would not pull his corn he would feed them. So he scattered a couple of quarts about the field and the crows picked it up, and while doing so picked up many worms.

ASHES FOR VINEYARDS.—People having vineyards will be interested in this item: President Phillips, of the West Michigan Horticultural Society, says that for vineyards, all things considered, he regards unleached ashes, as the best fertilizer known. A ton of hardwood ashes contains 320 pounds of potash, worth $16, and 125 pounds of phosphoric acid (insoluble) worth $5.25. Omitting all other ash constituents, which have some value of themselves, the potash and phosphoric acid of a ton of such ashes are worth $21.25, or several times as much as a ton of fresh horse manure. Grape growers would do well to note this.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS.—It is stated in the *Garden and Forest* that the green cabbage worm is discouraged by the following treatment: Two quarts of coal tar are put into an open vessel, which is set in the bottom of a barrel and the barrel is filled with water. In forty-eight hours the water is impregnated with the odor of the tar although the tar is not dissolved in it. The water is then sprinkled abundantly on the cabbage and the odor penetrates every portion of the head, killing and driving away the worms. As the water evaporates no stain nor odor remains on the cabbage. The same quantity of coal tar can be made to impregnate several successive barrels of water.

IF A CALF is at all dainty about its food do not keep it for a cow. No pedigree can offset the disadvantage of poor appetite and poor digestion. Giving the calf as great a variety of food as possible is the best plan we know of to make it a hearty eater. The greater the variety the more food can be eaten, and this, if continued, means increased digestive powers, on which in any animal, man not excepted, future usefulness must depend.

THE grape is a warm-country fruit, and should be set out where it may be exposed to the sun all the day long. Grapes generally do quite well on the easterly or westerly side of a building, but a southerly exposure is better. The soil should be dry and warm, whether it be sand, gravel or clay. While, like all other plants, the vine takes its food in solution, it will flourish in a drier soil than any other plant, and it will never succeed where there is not good drainage.

THE best curculio preventive is to plant Chickasaw plums through the orchard. The curculio lays its eggs in the Chickasaw before other plums come in. The Chickasaw plum trees become burying grounds for curculio, because, practically, none of their eggs ever hatch in the Chickasaw plum, not one in 3000, and those that do hatch never grow to a full grub, or reach the state of a beetle.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *American Cultivator* is inclined to think that there is too much liberty of shooting in this country. The bitter prejudice against the game laws, which came in with the first settlers, still exists here, and the average American citizen would conceive it a hardship indeed if, with gun in hand, he could not roam where he listeth and blaze away at anything wild at his own sweet will.

AN ardent admirer of the Holstein-Friesians contends that experiments by Rhoda and others in Europe and America have shown that the Holland breed can produce milk at much less cost than other breeds kept in same stable and on like food, and that they not only vie successfully with the pure butter breeds, both in quality and quantity, but they are profitably bred and grown up for beef.

BRAN is one of the best foods for cows that are expected to calve in a month or more. Bran abounds in phosphates, and will largely contribute to the growth of bone of the embryo calf. Many cases of abortion in cows arise from lack of a proper supply of the necessary food elements that support the dam and young.

THE bush Lima bean has been tested this season. While it has the bush habit, and requires no poles, yet it lacks the quality of the large Lima. It is also small, and can be used as a bean for soup.

HOUSEHOLD.

SEASONABLE SALADS.—Cauliflower salad is one of the daintiest and prettiest looking dishes of the salad kind. To prepare it, boil a cauliflower in salted water for about half an hour, or until tender, but not overdone. When cold, divide it in small sprigs and arrange them neatly on a dish, and strew over them some capers, and a little chopped parsley. Pour over this a dressing made of three tablespoonfuls of olive oil and one of vinegar, with salt and pepper to taste.

For a salad of green peas, you need only put some cold boiled peas into a dish or salad bowl and pour over them a mayonnaise sauce, or plain salad dressing, as above, and garnish with small sprigs of green mint. A salad of Fresh beans is made by dressing the cold boiled beans with oil and vinegar and chopped capers, and garnishing with slices of cold boiled eggs and beets.

A nice salad is of not too-ripe tomatoes covered with a sauce of oil and vinegar, in the proportion of two of oil to one of vinegar, for about two hours before serving. Sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste. Sliced cucumbers may be added at the time of serving.

An especially nice salad for picnics and lunch baskets can be made of one pint of cold boiled ham, minced very fine; one head of lettuce, shred fine; two cucumbers chopped fine; three hard boiled eggs, chopped; half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of salad oil, and half a pint of good vinegar (tarragon, if preferred). Minced beef, canned lobster, chicken, salmon, or mackerel may be used, if preferred; but ham makes a good, hearty, and appetizing salad.

THE CARE OF MATTING.—In sweeding the pretty and economical straw matting that is growing to be very popular with housekeepers during warm weather, do not use a broom, for it will tear the strands in a short time. A long handled bristle brush, such as is used for oilcloth, is the nicest and will remove the dust best, for the soft bristles can go into crevices that a broom would miss. Always, when possible, brush the matting the lengthwise way of the grain, and the strands of straw will not tear and break as quickly as though brushed across. Some persons clean matting by sprinkling bran or coarse Indian meal over it, then with a long handled mop, with cloth wrung out of clean, warm water, rubbing the grain well all over the carpet, then leaving it until dry, when the grain is brushed off. This is claimed to be a thorough way of cleansing matting, but it is usual to simply wipe it off with a damp cloth wrung out of salt and water not wetting the matting much.

For winter use, if a heavy layer of carpet lining is put under it, matting is a comfortable floor covering. With pretty rugs scattered over it, the room has a pleasant, home-like appearance that is very attractive. It is cheap, and if care is taken when putting it down that little cleavers, made especially for the purpose, are used instead of the ordinary carpet tacks, it can be taken up at any time when cleaning house, cleaned and put down again, in less time and with less labor than a woolen carpet, and it does not require to be beaten, but may be washed while on the floor the same as usual.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.—When recipes call for a cupful it means just half a pint; this amount in granulated sugar weighs just half a pound.

Salt will curdle new milk; so in preparing custards and porridges the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

Red pepper pods or a few pieces of charcoal thrown into the pot in which onions, cabbage, etc., are being boiled will prevent the unpleasant odor.

Starch Polish.—A piece of stearine candle, spermaceti or white wax as large as a robin's egg will give a nice gloss. A teaspoonful of salt to each pint of starch will prevent sticking.

Always sift the flour when you use it, warming it a little afterward if the weather be cold. Sifting twice is even better than once, as you get more air between the particles.

Spirits of ammonia is the best thing to clean hair brushes with, as it does not soften the bristles like soap or soda. If a teaspoonful of ammonia is mixed with a quart of water, the brush need only be dipped in the solution for a moment and all grease is removed. The brush should then be rinsed in cold water, shaken well and dried in the air, but not in the sun.

Biting the lips frequently makes them sore, and for hard, dry lips a little pure glycerine lightly rubbed in at night is often beneficial. A harmless application is made of a quarter of an ounce of white wax, with one teaspoonful each of glycerine and mutton suet. The wax and suet are melted separately, and then the whole mass is well mixed and turned into a mold to cool.

SWEET PICKLED CUCUMBERS.—Select ripe cucumbers of a uniform size; pare and quarter them and remove all the seeds. If you can not get them of even size, cut them into pieces as nearly as possible of the same size. Make a brine strong enough to float an egg, pour it over the cucumbers, and let them stand nine days, stirring them every day. Then let them soak for thirty-six hours in plenty of clear water in which has been stirred a teaspoonful of powdered alum to every gallon of the water. Make a syrup of one pint good vinegar, one pint sugar, half teacupful of water, two tablespoonfuls each of broken cinnamon bark, mace, and pepper grains. Let it boil, and drop in the pieces of cucumber; let them cook until tender, then remove them to a jar, and put more pieces into the syrup. When all are cooked, pour the syrup over them, tie them closely, and set them away.

BAKED CUCUMBERS.—Cut fine large cucumbers lengthwise, scoop out the seeds, and stuff them with a dressing made of cold veal or chicken, bread crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, and enough melted butter to make a smooth paste. Tie the two halves of the cucumber together and bake in a slow oven. Serve hot as a side dish.

EDDIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MAY GRAHAM.

(FOR THE VERY LITTLE FOLKS.)

One bright day in May, Eddie Wheeler, a funny little fellow of about four years of age, might have been seen toddling along the Lancaster Pike, pushing a small wheelbarrow before him on which lay a little pig. Quite proudly and triumphantly he wheeled it through their own gate and up to the front door, and then, taking his new pet in his arms, carried it up to the room where his mother and sisters were sitting.

Mingled shouts of dismay and amusement greeted him as he entered saying proudly, "Look, mamma, at what tind Mr. Hodan dave me."

"Kind!" exclaimed Hildah, the eldest sister, "what in the world will you do with the filthy beastie? Surely, mother, you will not allow Eddie to keep him?"

"He is *not* filty—he's as tlean as *you* are," said the boy indignantly.

"But who is going to keep him so?" asked his sister.

"Me," answered he, hurling defiance at grammar, as well as at his sister.

"Papa will make a house for him in the bat yard,' he added, and then ran out of the room and downstairs as though afraid some unfriendly hand might snatch his treasure from him.

Of course the pig was allowed to stay, for Eddie being the youngest child and only boy, ruled the house, at least so his five sisters affirmed.

Some weeks afterwards, a similar scene was enacted, only this time it was a cute little puppy dog instead of a pig, which was the object of the boy's love and of his sister's animadversion.

And the piggie and puppy flourished in the back yard together.

Not many weeks elapsed before "tind" Mr. Hogan intimated that if Eddie would bring over his wheelbarrow a young turkey would be added to his store of pets.

Eddie hastened to accept the invitation, and notwithstanding the objections of his five big sisters, the piggie and the puppy and the turkey flourished in the back yard together.

Soon after, the wheelbarrow was again brought into use, for Mr. Hogan had a brood of chickens of which he was willing to spare one to his little neighbor.

And notwithstanding all that his sisters could say to the contrary, the piggie and the puppy and the turkey and the chicken were allowed to flourish in the back yard together.

"Now!" exclaimed Huldah, "this certainly must be the last. There will not be a sign of a flower left in that yard if we have one more animal in it."

But it was not the last, for the very next week Eddie trotted over again with his wheelbarrow to Mr. Hogan's farm and returned with the dearest little kitten that ever breathed.

And from that day the piggie and the puppy and the turkey and the chicken and the pussy flourished in the back yard together.

The next time Eddie went over to the farm he heard a piece of news which made him open his eyes with astonishment, and filled his heart with a sudden inexpressible hope.

A pair of dear little boys had been born to the Hogan parents the night before; the first children they had ever been blessed with. Mr. Hogan was no where to be seen, but some of the farm hands hastened to tell Eddie the joyful news, and one of the men added thoughtlessly:

"Now run home for your wheelbarrow young man, and I make na dout the maister will be for givin' you one of hisain young ones, for one 'll be as many as the mistress can care for."

With childish faith in the man's word and knowing that always before he had been allowed to share in the good things of that generous farmer, Eddie hastened home for his wheelbarrow, feeling that if he could bring back a little baby brother it would be better than all the other pets put together, and besides, would be something at which even his sisters could find no fault.

Huldah saw him hurrying out of the gate with his empty wheelbarrow and wondered what he was "up to" now.

"'Twill be a guineahen this time, or maybe a peacock," said she to her mother, and anxiously she watched for the return of the boy, that she might learn the worst.

About fifteen minutes afterwards they were startled by a loud sobbing and wailing which came through the open windows and made them look up from their work.

Eddie, the picture of despair, was pushing his wheelbarrow before him, but a glance at it was enough to show that it was empty.

"Mr. Hodan *stinzy, stinzy, stinzy,*" was all they could draw out of him for a little while—and even while sympathizing with her little brother's genuine grief, Huldah could not help feeling thankful that for once Mr. Hogan *had* been stingy.

"What a matter wis my deari ittie boy?" asked the mother, using the "baby" talk which was what helped to keep her youngest a baby so much longer than any of her girls had been. "What was it stinzy Mr. Hodan would not dive my boy? Muzzer det him one if se tan!"

Mother!" exclaimed Huldah in despair, "Eddie certainly has enough animals in that back yard."

"Oh! oh! oh! it wasn't *any* animal—and it wouldn't be tept in the bat yard," —groaned the boy.

"What could it have been?" asked Huldah, thinking of the piggie and the puppy and the turkey and the chicken and the pussy.

"Why," sobbed he, "it was a yittle baby boy. There are two over dare, and Mr. Hodan wouldn't dive me either. His man told me to bring over ze wheelbarrow, and maybe I might have one, but Mr. Hodan ony yaffed when I ast him."

"I don't wonder," laughed Huldah, but his mother took him in her arms and tried to comfort him for his disappointment and to explain to him the difference between a little boy baby and the other animals which Mr. Hogan had so generously shared with him.

"DEAR," said a physician's wife as they sat in church, "there is Mrs. Goldberg sitting in a draught."

"Never mind," said her husband. "I will cash that draft later on."

SHE HAD A BITE.—Every one had his or her line over the rail of the boat awaiting a bite, when a freckle-faced girl with auburn hair turned to the young man with a downy moustache and two watch chains, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Augustus! I believe—I believe I have a bite!"

"Then pull in," he commanded.

"But it may be a great big fish, and he might pull me into the water."

"I won't let him."

"But if he does?"

"I will save you, or we will perish together."

"Then—then I will pull."

She pulled, and brought in a sea robin about as big as your finger. The peril had passed. We sneered at the catch, but they minded it not. Not until that moment had they dared acknowledge their love. He was her'n and she was his'n, and they were very, very happy as they spit on the bait for more luck.

A YOUNG apprentice one day, at breakfast, suddenly exclaimed: "I am going blind! Ach! I am blind!"

His master, alarmed, asked how it happened.

"Don't know," was the reply, "but I am so blind I cannot see the butter on my bread."

The good-natured master, who had once been young himself, begged his wife to put a bit of cheese on the lad's bread. After supper the old man inquired: "Well, my lad, how are your eyes now?"

"Thanks, they are quite well again. I could distinctly see the bread through the cheese."

The Best Testimonial

yet published for any blood medicine is the *printed guarantee* of the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which *warrants* that wonderful medicine to benefit or cure in all cases of those diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be returned. It cures all diseases arising from torpid liver and impure blood and their names are *legion*. All Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, Eruptions, Sores and Swellings, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas and kindred diseases, are among those in which the "Discovery" effected marvelous cures.

When everthing else fails, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures. 50 cents, by druggists.

It is more honorable to fail than to cease pushing for fear you will fail.

"Weak and weary" describes the condition of many people debilitated by the warm weather by disease or overwork. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed to build up and strengthen the body, purify and quicken the sluggish blood, and restore the lost appetite.

THE LAST PAIR.—Miss Bluffins—"I want a pair of slippers. Two and a half is my size."

Clerk—"What! two and a half?"

"I believe I spoke distinctly, two and a half."

The clerk seizes a pair of slippers and a blue pencil, and retires to the rear of the store. Presently he returns.

"Here you are, Miss, two and a half, extra narrow."

Miss B. tries on the slippers and accepts them. After her exit the clerk says to the proprietor: "You had better order some of those No. 5 Bs. I just sold the last pair."

AN EASY PROMISE.—Mrs. Brown—"My husband has given up drinking."

Mrs. Cobwigger—"I hope, for your sake, he has."

"There is no doubt about it, my dear. He used to get drunk on hot whiskies, and he has promised not to take a single one all summer."

SHE—"I felt for the poor man who begged at the door this afternoon. My heart bled for him."

He—"Just like you, darling. Did you relieve his distress?"

"Yes. I couldn't help it."

"What did you give him?"

"I gave him that bogus dime you intended to put into the contribution box next Sunday."

THE ROAD TO WEALTH. — "Mr. Jones!" said the old millionaire.

"Yes, sir," answered the private secretary.

"Here are fifty begging letters. Answer them all with a refusal."

"Yes, sir."

"And you will observe that every one has a two-cent stamp enclosed for reply."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, answer them on a postal."

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease received medals at the Centennial, North Carolina State Fair, Paris Exposition, American Institute, New York, and others.

As soon as the peach and pair crop are off cultivate among the trees to kill out the grass and weeds, in order to save labor next season.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

Next month lawn grass seed may be sown for the spring crop of lawn grass. Spade the ground well and rake the seed in, but cover very lightly.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

According to Dr. Cornet, tuberculosis is nine times more frequent among nurses than among any other class of persons.

Do you wish to know how to have no *steam*, and not half the usual *work* on wash-day? Ask your grocer for a bar of *Dobbins' Electric Soap*, and the directions will tell you how. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

The Cameron prize in therapeutics at Edinburgh University has been awarded to Pasteur.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

At a New York wedding recently the bride received $1,000,000 worth of presents.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

Having decided for yourself, grant the same privilege to others.

A HEAVY RESPONSIBILITY.—Oliver Sand—"There's that Mr. Hefft I was telling you about; he's manager of one of the largest corporations in the country."

Miss Lita Rallett—"I should say so—the biggest I ever saw! And how well he manages it!"

HARD LUCK. — Mr. Crossrhoades—"Mirandy! Some thief got in back of the counter t' day 'n stole them 10 cent cigars I just got in; took the whole hundred."

Mrs. Crossrhoades—"Good land! Why that's ten dollars."

"It ain't bad's that, but it's two dollars and fifty cents."

ENDERS, PA., Feb. 18, 1889.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieved the cough, checked the night-sweats and emaciation—in short, gave a new lease of life to a patient of mine who was rapidly and surely approaching the final stage of this dreadful disease.

To-day she is in the enjoyment of fair health, and this result is due to the beneficial effects of only a few bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

If we take into consideration the DURATION of this patient's sickness, the SEVERITY of the symptoms, the SMALL quantity of the remedial agent and the BRIEF PERIOD OF TIME within which a CURE WAS EFFECTED, we cannot fail to acknowledge the truly wonderful effects of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

LEVI JAY ENDERS, M. D.

In every community there are living witnesses to testify that in naming our medicine Piso's Cure for Consumption, we have not claimed more than it can do. Its standing in the market also proves its merit. We have not published sensational notices; our advertisements have been mere signs to indicate the existence of Piso's Cure for Consumption. Instead of endeavoring to excite fear our purpose has been to encourage hope.

Yet Piso's Cure for Consumption stands today at the head of all medicines of its class, requiring for its manufacture a factory full of skilled workers and improved machinery, whereas about twenty years ago all the work was done in one little room by one man.

Price, 25 cents per bottle.

E. T. HAZLETINE, Warren, Pa.

CONGRATULATED HIM. — In New York. A number of enthusiastic men rush to the cell of a condemned criminal.

"My dear sir!" exclaimed the leader of the party, "let us congratulate you."

The criminal was staggered with joyful emotion. "Am I pardoned?" he asked.

"Oh, no."

"Then why do you come to congratulate me?"

"Because it has been demonstrated that our electric apparatus is sure death."

PAPA—"So you are going to marry, are you, my son? I presume the young lady you are about to wed knows all about housework and looking after the wants of a family?"

Youth—"Well, you just bet she does. I wish you could see a cotton batting dog she made last week, and some butterflies she painted on velvet."

TEACHER — "Who was Captain Cook?"

Small boy—"Mr. Delmonico."

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WILL CURE
CATARRH
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Apply Balm into each nostril.
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FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, SEP. 26.

A TERRIBLE AVALANCHE.

Many Houses Buried by a Landslide in Quebec—Between Twenty-five and Thirty Killed, Many Injured.

QUEBEC, Sept. 20.—A large portion of Cape Diamond below the citadel became detached, and sliding down, buried a number of houses beneath a mass of rock and dirt. A number of dead bodies have been taken from the ruins, but the total loss of life is not known. A number of persons, more or less injured, were quickly rescued.

It will be hours before any comprehensive idea of the number of the dead can be arrived at, as some of the houses are under twenty-five feet of debris.

Scene of the Disaster.

At the foot of the cliff is a narrow street which occupies all of the space between the cape and the river. Along the river side of this street were situated the houses which were crushed by the terrible avalanche of rock.

The street is entirely filled with the wreckage and a large force of men are at work clearing it away.

Several families are known to have been entombed and it is feared that all are dead.

Late estimates place the number killed outright between twenty-five and tnirty.

Previous Landslides.

In May, 1841, a similar landslide occurred, which destroyed several buildings and killed thirty-two people. From present indications it is feared the loss of life by this landslide will be equally as great.

In 1852 another landslide caused the death of several persons half a mile from the scene of the present disaster.

Six bodies have been taken from the ruins—Thomas Farrell and two of his children, also two children named Burke and one unknown child. Farrell's mother-in-law, Mrs. Allen, and her husband are still in the ruins.

About twenty-five persons have been removed from the debris very badly injured. Some have broken arms and legs and others are badly crushed and mutilated.

It is now estimated that at least fifty persons are yet under the ruins. The fire brigade and police force are on the ground rendering valuable assistance. All the injured were removed to the marine and fisheries departments, where medical men and clergymen looked after them. The debris covers the road in a solid mass for over 300 feet in length and from fifteen to twenty-five in height.

Cries of "Help! Help!"

It is impossible to say at present how many are dead and wounded. Every one is working heroically and under difficulties, as the night was intensely dark and the electric lights were rendered useless by the landslide.

Cries of "Help! Help!" are heard from beneath the debris, but none can be given.

The Whole Bowlder May Fall.

Very little progress is being made in recovering bodies, owing to the stupendous mass of rock covering the ruins. The body of a woman named Mrs. Berrigan has just been pulled out of the debris.

Tons of rocks are falling and it is feared the whole bowlder forming the highest point of Quebec will give way.

VICTIMS OF THE AVALANCHE.

Twenty-one Bodies Buried in Quebec. Still Working in the Ruins.

QUEBEC, Sept. 23.—The funeral of the victims of the recent terrible landslide took place yesterday. Ship laborers, about 700 strong, headed by President Mahoney, led the procession. Then followed the police force bearing costly flowers presented by the city council. Then came fifteen hearses containing the bodies of twenty-one of the victims. The funeral service took place at St. Patrick's church. Father Hayden, assisted by Father Welsh, celebrated divine service.

After services the procession descended to Woodland cemetery, where the twenty-one bodies were deposited in vaults.

Some 200 men are actually working at the debris and some more corpses are expected to be found shortly. The anxiety and uneasiness into which the inhabitants of this city were plunged by the catastrophe has not yet subsided, nor will it until all traces of the wreckage have disappeared and the overhanging walls made secure.

Twenty-Two Wrecks at Lewes.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—The surgeon in charge of the marine hospital at Lewes, Del., writes that there are twenty-two vessels wrecked or stranded on the coast in that neighborhood and laboring men of every trade and calling are reaping a harvest in wrecking the vessels. A number of sick or injured seamen taken from these wrecked vessels are now in the hospital.

Heavy Snow on Mt. Washington.

FABYAN HOUSE, N. H., Sept. 24.—Snow has fallen on Mt. Washington for the last five days and yesterday morning it was eighteen inches deep. No train was run to the summit owing to the depth of snow and the track had to be shoveled out before the trains could make the ascent. This is the first clear day of this month.

A Prize Fighter Arrested for Murder.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 20.—Warrants have been issued against Eddie A. Hern, who engaged in the prize fight with young Jackson in this city Tuesday night, and who died soon afterwards, charging him with murder in the second degree. Warrants will also be issued for all the participants in the affair.

Across the Continent on Horseback.

SACRAMENTO, Sept. 20.—E. H. Platt and John Allen, of New York city, have completed their long horseback ride across the continent. They reached this city four months and about four days from the time they left New York.

Snow on Mt. Washington.

CRAWFORD HOUSE, N. H., Sept. 20.—Several inches of snow has fallen on Mt. Washington and the summits here are also covered. It has rained heavily here since yesterday and the barometer fell sharply.

TWO YEARS FOR EVA

Mrs. Hamilton to Pay the Penalty for Atrocious Assault.

DRAMATIC SCENES AT THE TRIAL.

The Judge Pronounces What He Calls a Lenient Sentence—Pleas of the Counsel—The Judge's Charge Against the Prisoner—On Cross Examination Eva Declines to Identify Her Baby.

MAY'S LANDING, N. J., Sept. 20.—The second day of the Hamilton trial opened fair and bright. Long before the hour of 10 the court house was filled with spectators, and in waiting for the court to open the proceedings of the previous day and the chances of the wayward prisoner were eagerly discussed.

The most damaging testimony against the defendant was that which was elicited from Mrs. Hamilton under the cross examination to which she was subjected, She was asked where her father lived and where she was born; where she first met her husband, and how she had supported herself, and she answered all these interrogatories with much hesitation and confusion. During this time Capt. Perry was almost continually on his feet raising objections to those questions, but they were all promptly overruled by Judge Reed.

Whose Baby Is It?

When Prosecutor Thompson, in cold measured terms, said: "Where was your baby born?" the woman started, blushed, turned pale and shuddered, but did not answer, while her legal defender jumped to his feet and raised his objections in the most eloquent language. It was indeed the most dramatic occurrence of the trial, but the objection was overruled and Judge Reed said quietly: "The only grounds upon which the defendant can refuse to answer the question is to say that by answering it will criminate her. Does the witness say that?" To this, in weak, tremulous tones, Mrs Hamilton replied: "I do not say that, but if I answer that question it will damage me greatly." Then Judge Reed said: "That will not do. You must answer the question." The prisoner said: "I refuse to answer the question, as if I do it may criminate me in another court."

The next question of the prosecutor proved to be another bomb. She was asked: "Are you the mother of that child?" She did not answer and Judge Reed asked: "Do you refuse to answer on the ground that it will criminate you?" In very weak tones she answered: "Yes." This practically ended her examination, as the prosecution had scored the desired point.

Capt. Perry's Plea.

Capt. Perry stated that his client did not care to appear in court during the argument, and consequently her appearance was waived. This was a serious disappointment to the large and curious audience.

During his argument Capt. Perry, with clearness and emphasis, urged the jury to separate the stabbing case in Atlantic City from the Hamilton developments in New York. They had no connection. Mrs. Hamilton was charged with an assault upon Mary Donnelly. Was the assault in self defense or was it premeditated? That was the issue before the jury. The sensational newspaper reports of the troubles of the Hamiltons were foreign to the case. The jurymen were simply to consider the Atlantic episode and determine whether Mrs. Hamilton acted willfully, with malicious or deadly intent, or struck the blow because she thought her life was in peril through her fear of Mary Donnelly.

Prosecutor Thompson, on behalf of the state, then related the causes that led to the quarrel. The first point he scored was the fact that Mrs. Hamilton reached around her husband to cut the nurse while she was interfering with the intention of stopping the row.

Judge Reed's Charge.

"Call the jury," was the peremptory request of Judge Reed when he resumed his seat at the opening of the afternoon session, and a few minutes later he began his charge. "The whole matter hinges on the plea of the defense," he said, "that the blow was struck in self defense, but when a deadly weapon is used in self defense it materially alters the case." He continued in this vein, dwelling on the fact that the knife thrust was a deadly one, and the only way in which the plea of the defense could possibly be tenable was that the blow was struck to save the defendant's life; that she was in imminent danger and had to deal the deadly blow to save her own life.

The Jury Retires.

The charge was clearly against the prisoner. He set aside all the facts which it was said led up to the cutting. He instructed the jury to give her the benefit of any doubts as to the character of the crime. They might bring a verdict of assault and battery, if they thought her knife thrust was not malicious, but if they viewed the matter from the standpoint that she reached around to stab the nurse, then there was no reason why they should not return a verdict in accordance with the indictment.

Then the jury filed out of the court room in charge of Constable Sims.

The Prisoner Sentenced.

The jury returned to the court room at 3:15. At this time there was another trial in progress, which Judge Reed did not intercept, but kept the jury sitting there and the audience in suspense for some time.

Mrs. Hamilton entered the court room at 3:25.

The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty as indicted" (for atrocious assault).

The judge then commanded the prisoner to stand up.

In pronouncing sentence the judge said to the prisoner: "You have been convicted of an atrocious assault, but we have taken into consideration the conduct of the nurse and we give you a lenient sentence of two years in the state prison."

Mrs. Hamilton did not attempt to cry, but she was extremely nervous.

Mr. Hamilton returned to New York on the evening after the first day of the trial.

Gen. Rosecrans Again Honored.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Sept. 20.—Gen. Rosecrans was re-elected president of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland. Toledo, O., will be the next place of meeting and Sept. 17 and 18 the time. The question of monuments to Garfield, Thomas and Sheridan was considered. The Confederate veterans were thanked for courtesies.

A DOUBLE MURDER.

A Jealous Husband Kills His Wife and Mother-in-Law and Attempts Suicide.

BELLEFONTE, Pa., Sept. 23.—Word was sent to District Attorney J. C. Meyer, of this place, that Selby Hopkins, of Phillipsburg, shot his wife and mother-in-law and then tried to kill himself, but was unsuccessful. From facts elicited it appears that the family did not live agreeably and some time ago had parted, but lately have been living together again. Yesterday morning Hopkins, when intoxicated, provoked a quarrel with his wife and becoming violently enraged procured a revolver and shot her dead. He then went up stairs and shot his wife's mother dead, after which he proceeded to an adjoining livery stable, where he shot himself twice in the head, but neither shot will prove even serious.

Jealousy and a belief in the faithlessness of his wife are believed to have been the reasons that incited Hopkins to crime. When arrested a letter was found upon his person written evidently with the thought his attempt at suicide would be successful. In it he charges two citizens of Phillipsburg with being criminally intimate with his wife, and says that he had been hounded to get out of town in order not to interfere with his wife's affections.

He was placed under arrest immediately and confessed the terrible crime. He will be brought to Bellefonte today and placed in jail to await trial at the November court. A medical examination of the man has been made and he is pronounced entirely sane. This will be the second marder trial in Bellefonte within a year, the other being a Hungarian who was acquitted of the murder of Bernard Cassidy.

Hopkins in a Critical Condition.

BELLEFONTE, Pa., Sept. 24.—W. S. Hopkins, who killed his wife and mother-in-law at Phillipsburg, has not been brought here. He is in a very critical condition, four doctors being now in attendance, and they say he may not live.

Died of a Broken Heart.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Sept. 19.—Mrs. Mary Owens died at her home in Plymouth of a broken heart. Four months ago her husband, Owen Owens, cruelly deserted her and their three young children, leaving them penniless. Since then nothing has been heard of him, and the family have subsisted on the charity of neighbors. Two weeks ago one of the children died of fever, and the next day another died. They were buried in the same grave. On the day of the funeral the poor mother fainted, and though she regained consciousness, she continued to sink until death came to her relief. The doctors say she had no disease, and that a broken heart alone sent her to eternity. There is great indignation in the mining town over the action of the heartless husband and father.

The Window Glass Trouble Not Settled.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 19.—The window glass wage trouble has not been settled and some interesting developments are expected before many days. Several of the manufacturers and workers are commenting on the matter and there is a great deal of dissatisfaction, which may lead to the dissolution of the manufacturers' association, which has been in existence for many years. Pittsburg manufacturers have an advantage over western glass men, who are compelled to use coal as fuel. Some of the Pittsburg manufacturers must pay $30 per month per pot for gas, while others pay nothing, as they own their own wells. The latter class, it is claimed, are the ones who urged a settlement.

Violating the Postal Law.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Sept. 19.—The grand jury in the United States court, in session here, Judge Acheson presiding, found a true bill of indictment against George W. Rianhard, Fred and Dietrick Lamode, publishers of Sunday Grit, of this city, charging them with sending obscene literature through the United States mails. It is likely that the defendants will be tried here at this term of court. The basis of this suit is the article published last July concerning George Kiefer, which was dismissed by United States District Attorney Walter Lyon, but recently taken up by the postal authorities at Washington. John J. Reardon will assist the government in the prosecution.

Minister McFarland in Disgrace.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 24.—At a secret meeting of the Butler Presbytery of the United Presbyterian church a committee appointed to investigate charges against Rev. A. B. C. McFarland, who has been one of the leading ministers of his denomination in western Pennsylvania, reported that he had been guilty of drunkenness, gross cruelty to his wife and an attempt to assault a member of his congregation. Final action on the report was postponed until the next meeting. McFarland left his pulpit a few months ago, when his wife left his home and exposed his true character. He is now studying law.

The Welsh Presbyterian Convention.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Sept. 19.—Ministers from all parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, New York, Iowa and Minnesota are present here to attend the tenth convention of the Welsh Presbyterian churches of the United States. The session was opened with public service. Sermons were preached by Rev. John A. Jones, of Oshkosh, Wis., and Rev. Richard Humphrey, of Long Creek, O. The session will be continued for several days.

He Was Walking on the Track.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Sept. 19.—John Swaine, aged 40, was run over by a passenger train on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad at Plymouth and instantly killed. The body was horribly mangled. Swaine was walking up the track towards the depot for the purpose of taking the train to New York, whence he was to embark for Liverpool, where he intended to join his wife and children.

Scalded His Wife to Death.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Sept. 24.—The trial of Luke McGraw, of Hazleton, for the murder of his wife, whom he is accused of having scalded to death in their little cabin two months ago, was called, and a jury is now being selected. The case attracts great interest, and hundreds of ladies are in attendance.

The Carrier Robbed the Mails.

KING GEORGE, Va., Sept. 21.—Virgil Staples, 16 years of age, mail carrier between Port Conway and King George Court House, was arrested for robbing the mails. Deputy United States Marshal Fogiar, of Alexandria, made the arrest. Staples was caught by means of a decoy letter.

Wm. Wolf & Son's September Announcement.

Reduced prices on the greatest part of our stock for this month. We prefer the space for new Fall Goods, rather than have the investment in Summer stock for six months more. It will pay you to buy for next season. Come, see and be convinced that we mean just what we here state. *You can save from 5 to 25 per cent. on many useful things.*

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Mt. Carmel, Ill., Dec. 26, 1887.
I have used Athlophoros in my family and find it to be the greatest medicine for neuralgia in existence, and having had its fangs fastened upon me for the past 30 years I know whereof I speak. MRS. JULIA CHILTON.

☞ Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture, "Moorish Maiden."

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO. 112 Wall St. N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelp and Erie Division)—on and after May 12, 1889

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia		11 25 p m
" "	Harrisburg		3 30 a m
" "	Montandon		5 36 a m
" "	Williamsport		7 10 a m
" "	Jersey Shore		7 35 a m
" "	Lock Haven		7 58 a m
" "	Renovo		8 55 a m
" arr at	Erie		4 05 p m

Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.

NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg		8 10 a m
" "	Montandon		10 12 a m
" "	Williamsport		11 10 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven		12 10 p m

Sunday Train—News Express, runs also on Sunday.

NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia		8 50 a m
" "	Harrisburg		12 15a m
" "	Montandon		2 03 a m
" arr at	Williamsport		3 05 p m
" "	Lock Haven		4 15 p m
" "	Renovo		5 15 p m
" "	Kane		9 10 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia		11 50 p m
" "	Harrisburg		3 45 p m
" "	Montandon		5 54 p m
" "	Williamsport		7 10 p m
" "	Lock Haven		7 57 p m
" arr at	Renovo		8 50 p m
	(Sunday Train.		
WMSPORT EXP	leaves Philadelphia		5 34 a m
" "	Harrisburg		9 00 a m
" "	Montandon		11 03 a m
" arrives at	Williamsport		11 59 a m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves Lock Haven		7 00 a m
" " "	Jersey Shore		7 35 a m
" " "	Williamsport		8 15 a m
" " "	Montandon		9 17 a m
" " arr at	Harrisburg		11 30 a m
" " "	Philadelphia		3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves Kane		6 25 a m
" "	Renovo		10 20 a m
" "	Lock Haven		11 15 a m
" "	Williamsport		12 20 p m
" "	Montandon		1 20 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg		3 13 p m
" "	Philadelphia		6 50 p m
RENOVO AC'N	leaves Renovo		4 35 p m
" "	Lock Haven		5 35 p m
" "	Williamsport		6 35 p m
" "	Montandon		7 37 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg		9 45 p m
" "	Philadelphia		4 25 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs on Sunday from Lock Haven.

ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie		3 00 p m
" "	Renovo		10 30 p m
" "	Lock Haven		11 15 p m
" "	Williamsport		12 20 a m
" "	Montandon		1 20 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg		3 13 a m
" "	Philadelphia		6 50 a m

Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.

SOUTHERN EXP	leaves Williamsport		1 30 a m
" "	Montandon		2 30 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg		4 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia		10 20 a m

Sunday Train—Southern Express east runs also on Sunday.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East. Renovo Accommodation East & Erie Mail East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.				Eastward.			
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M	
2 05	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 45	
2 15	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	1 05	5 35	
2 26		6 24	Biehl	8 51		5 26	
2 32		6 30	Vicksburg	8 45		5 20	
2 43		6 41	Mifflinburg	8 35		5 08	
2 58		6 56	Millmont	8 22		4 53	
3 08		7 05	Laurelton	8 13		4 43	
3 44		7 40	Paddy Mountain	7 40		4 08	
3 55		7 52	Coburn	7 27		3 55	
4 04		7 58	Zerby	7 19		3 45	
4 13		8 10	Rising Spring	7 10		3 35	
4 21		8 18	Penn Cave	7 00		3 27	
4 28		8 25	Centre Hall	6 52		3 20	
4 35		8 33	Gregg	6 43		3 13	
4 43		8 42	Linden Hall	6 36		3 05	
4 48		8 48	Oak Hall	6 30		3 00	
4 52		8 52	Lemont	6 25		2 55	
4 57		8 59	Dale Summit	6 20		2 50	
5 06		9 09	Pleasant Gap	6 10		2 40	
5 10		9 14	Axemann	6 04		2 34	
5 15		9 20	Bellefonte	6 00		2 30	

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, 1.45p m and 7.25 p m. returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.29 p m. 1.23 p m, 6.00 p m and 7 40 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pas'ger Ag't

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UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER,

TUSSEYVILLE, PA.

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Funerals attended with a very fine Hearse.

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How Lost, How Restored!

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DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY

on the radical cure of Spermatorrhoea or incapacity induced by excess or early indiscretion.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' practice that the alarming consequences of early error may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

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25ap5m Geneva, N Y.

AN HISTORIC DITCH.

The Old Pennsylvania Canal to Be Abandoned.

A LONG CAREER OF USEFULNESS.

For Twenty Years It Was the Great Highway of the State — Its Glory Gradually Fades—The Old Ditch Will Be Filled Up to Form the Pennsylvania Railroad Roadbed.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., Sept. 23.—The old Pennsylvania canal, which for years was the channel of commerce and travel from one end of this state to the other, is about to be permanently abandoned. For several years past the operation of the canal has been attended with regular losses and now, inasmuch as it is owned by the Pennsylvania railroad, which carries all the tonnage formerly transported on the canal, the determination has been reached to allow the canal property to go to ruin. Nothing, it seems, can be done to save it.

The Days of Its Glory.

From 1830, the year in which the canal was first put in operation, until 1850, when the Pennsylvania railroad completed its line from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, the canal was the only means of transportation for passengers and freight across the country. By the aid of a portage road and section boats, the invention of John Dougherty, the difficulties of passage over the Allegheny mountains from Holidaysburg to Johnstown were readily surmounted, and a complete line of traffic was established. From 1850 until now the canal was still maintained throughout a portion of its route for carrying coal, stone and lumber.

The Work of the Flood.

From this town westward to Petersburg the canal was totally destroyed by the overwhelming floods of last June, and the channel is now a ruinous mass of debris and rocks, in many places levelled up even with the banks on either side. The Pennsylvania railroad is surveying certain sections of it with a view to transferring the railroad tracks from the present roadbed to the canal site, in order to avoid some of the sharp curves. The new route of the railroad will be pushed forward at once. It will run along the outskirts of this place instead of along Allegheny street, as at present.

Not Worth Repairing.

Last summer the canal on the Juniata, between this town and Newton Hamilton, twenty miles below, was abandoned, and of the remaining seventy miles eastward to Harrisburg only ten were restored this summer. The flood in June demolished several expensive acqueducts and accordingly last week the managers of the Pennsylvania railroad decided that the work of repairing the channel could not be profitably resumed west of the Rope ferry or north of Muncy dam on the Susquehanna branch. The restored section, from the Susquehanna to the Rope ferry, in the line of which exist some valuable ore beds, was intended to transport this freight, but the cost it was found would be greater than the receipts could be. The expenditures last year exceeded the receipts by $17,108, while the tonnage is regularly decreasing.

No Successor to Judge Cummins.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Sept. 20.—Governor Beaver has written a lengthy letter to Mayor Foresman in which he declines to appoint a representative from the West Branch valley on the state flood commission to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Cummins, which was petitioned by a large number of our influential citizens recently. The governor stated that it would now be inexpedient to appoint a new man inasmuch as the labors of the committee are very nearly finished. This part of the state will therefore receive no more financial help from the balance of money now at the disposition of the commission.

A Peacemaker Stabbed.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Sept. 21.—James Conyard, of this city, and Martin Freely, of Plains, got into an altercation at the hotel of Richard Courtright, near Port Bowkley, about four miles from here. Anna Freely, a sister of Martin Freely, stepped between the men to prevent the blows and was stabbed in the left arm by Conyard. The knife penetrated the flesh above the elbow clear to the bone, inflicting an ugly wound. The injury is painful one and may possibly result in the loss of the arm. Conyard made his escape. A warrant is out for his arrest.

Burned His Barn to Get Insurance.

HAZLETON, Pa., Sept. 21. — Josiah Schreck was arrested, charged with burning his stable here on the 10th. He was given a hearing last night and held in $1,500 bail for trial. According to evidence, he purchased a gallon of oil and saturated the interior of the building with it and then attached a lighted candle to the fuse in a position to ignite the oil. The barn was occupied by John Grim, and was insured for $1,200. Schreck called on the agent of the company after the fire and asked when he would get the insurance.

Death Stopped the Jollification.

SCRANTON, Pa., Sept. 21.—There was a jollification at the boarding house kept by Mrs. James Farrell, at Mayville, near this city, and the sudden death of the proprietress during the festivities caused rumors to gain circulation that she had been murdered. The coroner's investigation revealed few marks of violence upon her body. The immediate cause of death is thought to have been heart failure, but the circumstances attending the death were such that the coroner placed three of the male boarders under arrest.

Rev. Mr. Flemon Receives a Charge.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., Sept. 23.—Rev. E. F. Flemon, the colored minister who was recently taken to South Carolina to be tried for a murder alleged to have been committed by him some years ago, has been assigned by the African Methodist Episcopal conference to the pastoral charge composed of Huntingdon and Lewistown.

Two Miners Killed.

MOUNT CARMEL, Pa., Sept. 21.—Hugh Roberts and Anthony Marchetty, miners employed at the Alaska colliery, were instantly killed by a fall of rock. They were crushed out of shape.

Carnegie to Rebuild Johnstown's Library

PITTSBURG, Sept. 21.—Andrew Carnegie has agreed to rebuild the library at Johnstown.

NEWS BREVITIES.

Gen. E. Burd Grubb, of Burlington county, received the Republican nomination for governor of New Jersey.

Many Grand Army men favor Mrs. Logan for commissioner of pensions.

Michael Gaughan, aged 25, was killed at the Lackawanna Coal and Iron company's steam mill in Scranton by a lump of coal falling from a height and striking him on the head.

Tony Hart, the well known comedian, is again in the Massachusetts State Insane asylum, and his condition is now deemed hopeless.

A dispatch from Danville says: A cold wave struck this section and the weather is cold enough for fires and overcoats. No damage to crops is reported.

Governor Hill addressed 10,000 people at the interstate fair at Elmira, N. Y.

Women will vote in Wyoming, when it becomes a state.

Eighty men left the shops of the Duncan Leather company, Woburn, Mass., striking for a restoration of the prices paid previous to the recent reduction. The men are Knights of Labor.

Snow whitened the hills at Gulf Summit, Broome county, N. Y., seven miles east of Susquehanna, Pa.

Private Dalzell calls upon the soldiers to raise a Tanner fund.

On the trial of the cruiser Yorktown at Newport a speed of 16.98 knots was got and a horse power in excess of that developed at the contractors' trials.

The prosecutor of the pleas of Camden county has secured what he believes is conclusive proof that Annie Leconey was murdered by her uncle, Chaulkley Leconey.

The convention of the Cigarmakers' International union decided that strikes should only be declared as a last resort.

Bismarck is endeavoring to give the czar's visit political significance, which the latter is trying to avoid.

The Berlin merchants have entered a formal complaint against Consul Edwards, but it is receiving little or no attention.

The National Woman's Missionary society in session at Reading adjourned to meet at Rochester, Ind.

The Berks county Republicans held a very lively county convention. The anti-Quay men bolted, nominated a ticket of their own and will carry the fight to the state convention.

The president still hopes to induce Maj. Warner to accept the position of commissioner of pensions.

In the opening game of the football season at Yale three men were carried off the field and several others badly hurt.

The Chicago central council of the Knights of Labor ridiculed as the height of absurdity the report from Pittsburg that Powderly and the executive committee are to resign and the order disband.

A heavy frost occurred in the Mohawk valley, New York, making havoc among the gardens, vineyards and buckwheat fields.

The large barn and several out buildings of Adam Dechert, near Sinking Springs, Berks county, Pennsylvania, were burned. Four horses and twelve cows perished, and a number of agricultural implements and a large quantity of lumber was consumed. The fire is supposed to have been the work of incendiaries. Loss nearly $10,000, partially covered by insurance.

The New Jersey state inspector killed twenty head of cattle at Fleischman's distillery, at Millstone, Somerset county, and twelve head on adjoining farms that were afflicted with pleuro pneumonia.

Barbecue at Chicamaugua.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Sept. 21.—The reunion of the Army of the Cumberland closed with a grand barbecue at Craw Fish springs, on the edge of the famous battlefield of Chicamaugua. Fully 25,000 people were on the grounds. The blue and the gray were together and the past forgotten. Governor Gordon, of Georgia, delivered a feeling address of welcome, which was responded to by Gen. Rosecrans.

Says Jack the Ripper Is a Woman.

LONDON, Sept. 21.—Lawson Tait, the eminent gynecologist, expresses the opinion that the murders in White chapel, at Chelsea and at Battersea, were all committed by the same criminal. The guilty person, he thinks, is a woman and a lunatic. According to this view the woman is employed in a slaughter house and is subject to fits of epileptic fury.

Six Children at One Birth.

SALT LAKE CITY, Sept. 20.—Mrs. Hiram Snell, of Malad, Idaho, has given birth to three boys and three girls, weighing altogether eight pounds, and all bright and lively.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Prices on the Stock, Produce and Petroleum Exchange.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23.—The market was firm. Pennsylvania advanced ¼ but closed unchanged. Reading was firm and the bonds were very dull. The Northern Pacific stocks advanced. Lehigh Valley and Lehigh Navigation were dull and strong.

The Pennsylvania Salt company announces a dividend of 6 per cent., payable Oct. 15.

Following were the closing bids:

Lehigh Valley	53⅞	Reading g. m. 4s	91
N. Pac. com	32½	Reading 1st pf. 5s	83½
N. Pac. pref	74¾	Reading 2d pf. 5s	66½
Pennsylvania	53¾	Reading 3d pf. 5s	54½
Readin	23 7-16	H. and B. T. com.	20½
Lehigh Nav.	54¾	H. and B. T. pf.	47
St. Paul	73½	W., N. Y. and P.	10

The Produce Market.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23. — Cotton was quiet at 11⅛c. per pound for middling uplands.

Feed was weak under a light demand and fairly liberal offerings. Winter bran ranged from $12.50@13.50 per ton.

Flour and meal—Flour was dull, but prices were steady for all good trade brands. Sales of 1,100 barrels, including Minnesota clears and straights at $3.50@4.85; Pennsylvania roller process at $4@4.40; western winter, clears and straights, at $4@4.50; winter patents at $4.50@5; and spring do. at $5@5.35. Rye flour was firm at $5.10 per barrel for choice.

Grain—At the 1 p. m. call wheat had 80¼c. bid for September; 81c. for October; 82c. for November; 83¼c. for December. Corn had 40c. bid for September; 40c. for October; 40c. for November; and 39½c. for December. Oats had 26¼c. bid for September; 27¼c. for October; 28¼c. for November; 29½c. for December.

The Oil Market.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23.—Oil opened at 99¾c., advanced to $1.00¼, and closed at 99¾c.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—The market opened at $1.00, advanced to $1.00¼ and closed at 99¾c.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 23.—Petroleum is active and strong. Market opened at 99½c., and at noon had advanced to $1.00¼ bid.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 23.—Petroleum is quiet; refined, 97.15.

FRENCH ELECTIONS.

A Substantial Republican Victory Indicated.

THE REPUBLIC BREATHES FREE.

Comments of the Press of Paris and Berlin—Many Reballots Necessary—A Republican Majority of 168 in the New Chamber—Boulanger Counted Out.

PARIS, Sept. 24.—Returns from 560 divisions show the election of 224 Republican and 159 opposition members. In 177 divisions supplementary ballots will be necessary. The new chamber will probably comprise 369 Republicans and 201 members of the opposition.

The Temps says that the political complexion of the new chamber will be much the same as that of the old one. Many new men are returned, however, and a fresh element is added to parliamentary life. The republic ought to use its victory to give to its political action a consistency heretofore lacking.

The Liberte says that there will be no such change in the balance of the power in the chamber as would have any serious influence upon the future of the republic.

The results of the elections produced a favorable impression on the Bourse.

The Boulangist Vote.

The Boulangist vote in Paris was 192,300, against 244,070 last January. The Temps states that voting papers for Boulanger and Rochefort were burned. The matter will be referred to in the chamber. Counting the papers alleged to have been destroyed, the Boulangists polled 300,000 votes in the Seine department against 226,000 for their opponents; but the Republican vote shows an increase of 9,066 compared with that of January.

The Berlin Press on the Elections.

BERLIN, Sept. 24.—The National Zietung regards the result of the French elections as favorable to the republic. The article is, however, couched in terms which indicate some doubt as to the result of the reballots.

The Vossische Zeitung congratulates the republic upon its limited, though undoubted victory.

The Tageblatt says that the results do not clear the situation. The position of the republic, despite the Republican advantages, is still precarious.

Boulanger Counted Out.

LONDON, Sept. 24.—The general belief in Paris is that Gen. Boulanger was elected in the Montemartre district and counted out. The revising committee sits on Thursday to decide whether Boulanger shall be declared elected for Montemartre or a reballot ordered.

M. Jules Ferry Defeated.

PARIS, Sept. 24.—M. Jules Ferry was defeated by a close vote. His brother Albert was elected in an adjacent district. M. Clovis Hugues is defeated. M. Blowitz, correspondent of The London Times, says the chamber will annul the election of Boulanger by a sweeping majority.

DEATH OF WILKIE COLLINS.

Particulars of His Last Hours—A Novel Revised on His Death Bed.

LONDON, Sept. 24.—The cause of the death of Wilkie Collins was paralysis of the heart accelerated by acute bronchitis. His physician, Dr. Carr Beard, his solicitor, Mr. Bartley, and his adopted daughter, whom Mr. Bartley married only three days ago, were by his bedside when life became extinct.

The great author suffered more than usual and seemed to feel that the end was rapidly approaching.

He slept fitfully during the night, but as the first rays of dawning day stole into his bed chamber he asked that the final chapters of his last novel, "Blind Love," be read to him.

A. P. Watt, his literary amanuensis, did as he desired. Using the last of his vitality in the effort, he dictated some few changes and alterations in the conclusion of the story. He then sank back on his pillow ready to go. While he was dying, the copy revised, finished and perfect from the author, was on its way to the printer.

Canadian Cheap Labor in Buffalo.

BUFFALO, Sept. 23.—At a meeting of local assembly of the Central Labor union the question of prohibiting Canadian labor in this city came up and was discussed at some length. It was claimed that every morning a large number of Canadians come over to this city to work. They worked for from 50 to 75 cents a day less than the American laborer and also worked an hour longer each day. The sentiment of the meeting was practically unanimous, and a motion to appoint a committee to seek advice in regard to the alien laborers was carried with a rush.

The Mission Ridge Accident.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Sept. 23.—The coroner's jury, after investigating the cause of the death of Mrs. Adams, of Casey, Ills., one of the victims of the electric railroad disaster, returned a verdict charging negligence on the part of the company in not providing adequate machinery to prevent such accidents. Capt. Owen Wiley, of Casey, Ills., is expected to die and William Munford, of Princeton, Ind., is in a critical condition.

Murdered Because He Wouldn't Treat.

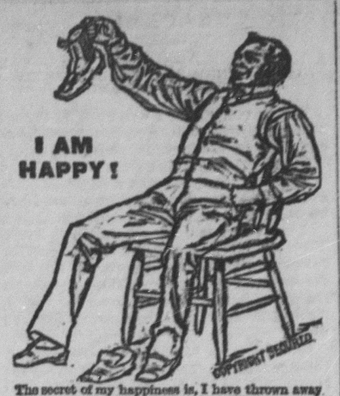
PEORIA, Ills., Sept. 23.—A gang of lower Peoria hoodlums who, under the leadership of James Mackey, have for months back been a source of terror, have brought their criminal career to a climax by the murder of an inoffensive old man named Cowan. For refusing to purchase drinks for the gang he was on last Wednesday beaten and kicked into a state of insensibility and yesterday died from his injuries.

Severe Storm at Jacksonville.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 24.—Torrents of rain fell all day and late yesterday afternoon there was unprecedented electrical desturbance, followed by a hurricane and cloudburst which passed over the city to the northeast. Streets were flooded, sewers burst and pavements washed out. The rainfall was the heaviest on record here for some length of time. The damage can all be repaired today.

Many Called, but Few Chosen.

CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—Seventeen venire men were exhausted for cause in the Cronin trial yesterday.



The secret of my happiness is, I have thrown away my old Blacking Brush, and have

WATERPROOF BOOTS
BEAUTIFULLY POLISHED WITHOUT LABOR.

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Produces a polish without the old brush, and *the shine will last a week on men's, and three on women's shoes.* Why stick to old ways in these days of progress? A Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, etc.

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4. CIVIL ENGINEERING; very extensive field practice with best modern instruments.
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10. MECHANICAL ENGINEERING; theoretical and practical.
11. MENTAL, MORAL and POLITICAL SCIENCE; Constitutional Law and History, Political Economy, etc.
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13. PHYSICS; Mechanics, Sound, Light, Heat, Electricity, etc., a very full course, with extensive Laboratory practice.
14. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT; Two years—carefully graded and thorough.

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GUNS, REVOLVERS, AMMUNITION Etc., Etc.

A good stock of new guns just received at Deschner's Great Central Gun Works, Bellefonte, such as Double B. L. Shot Guns, Double B. L. Rifle and Shot Gun.

Single Rifles, B. L. from $2.57 to $12.
Single B. L. Shot Guns from $4 to $9.

Guns for the Farmer, the Spoting Man, and the Occasional Hunter.

—o—

-V-E-R-Y C-H-E-A-P.

CALL AT THE GREAT CENTRAL GUN WORKS, BELLEFONTE.

A VOICE from Ohio. Here is a portrait of Mr. Garrison, of Salem, Ohio. He writes: "Was at work on a farm for $20 a month; I now have an agency for E. C. Allen & Co's albums and publications and often make $20 a day." (Signed) W. H. GARRISON.

William Kline, Harrisburg, Pa., writes: "I have never known anything to sell like your album. Yesterday I took orders enough to pay me over $25." W. J. Elsmore, Bangor, Me., writes: "I take an order for your album at almost every house I visit. My profit is often as much as $20 for a single day's work." Others are doing quite as well; we have not space to give extracts from their letters. Every one who takes hold of this grand business piles up grand profits. Shall we start YOU in this business, reader? Write to us and learn all about it for yourself. We are starting many; we will start you if you don't delay until another gets ahead of you in your part of the country. If you take hold you will be able to pick up gold fast. ☞ Read—On account of a forced manufacturer's sale 125,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums are to be sold to the people for $2 each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush. Charmingly decorated insides. Handsomest albums in the world. Largest Size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits awaii every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms free, to those who write for same, with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done.

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STORMS AND FLOODS.

HEAVY RAINS IN PENNSYLVANIA AND DELAWARE

WASHOUTS ON THE WILMINGTON AND NORTHERN RAILROAD.

WILMINGTON, Del., Sept. 17.—A heavy storm of thunder and lightning in upper New Castle and Chester counties, with a fall of rain almost equal to a cloud burst, did great damage last night along the line of the Wilmington and Northern Railroad and Landenburg Branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. No trains have been above Coatesville on the Wilmington and Northern Railroad from here to-day. The viaduct bridge near Coatesville, Pa., is badly damaged. The upper Hibernia bridge is washed entirely away. Mexico bridge, near Birdsboro, is seriously damaged, and it is feared that rains to-night will carry it away. Another bridge at Wilkinson's siding is gone. At Waynesburg Junction, 45 miles from Wilmington, 50 feet of the roadbed has been washed away. No trains south have been run farther than Springfield, 22 miles from Reading. Traffic from Springfield south to Coatesville, a distance of 19 miles, has been shut off to-day. In this distance there are many bridges crossing the Brandywine, and the heavy rain this afternoon will probably cause further damage. In places where the roadbed has been washed away the cuts are so deep that trestles will have to be built.

On the Landenburg branch of the Baltimore and Ohio no trains have arrived in this city to-day. There is a washout at Brandywine Springs nearly 100 feet in length, and passengers had to be transferred around the cut. There were a number of landslides in deep cuts, which were cleared away this morning. No freight can be hauled before to-morrow or later. The picnic grounds at Brandywine Springs have been washed as if a torrent of water swept through them. It is the most disastrous storm on this line since 1873. Many county bridges have been carried away in the northern part of the county.

MCKEESPORT, PA., Sept. 17.—The heavest rain fell in years was experienced at this place to-day. Streets were turned into rivers. Cellers and first floors of many public and private buildings were flooded. Two houses were overturned, while a number in process of erection were so badly damaged it is believed they will have to be reconstructed from the foundation up. Several of the streets are impassable. The tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio, Pittsburg, Virginia and Charleston, and Belle Vernon Railroads were washed out, and in several places obstructed by heavy landslides. So far as learned no lives were lost.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., Sept. 17.—The heavy shower of last night and tremendous downpour of to-day in the Schuylkill Valley have caused a flood in all the adjacent streams. The Schuylkill river is high and still rising. The Manatawny, Sprogell and Sanatoga creeks are greatly swollen, and French creek and Pigeon creek, in Chester county, are rushing torrents. A Philadelphian who drove over to-day found it impossible to cross Pigeon creek, and returned to town. Damages to bridges, telephone and telegraph wires and private property are reported from points in the Valley.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Sept. 17.—This city was visited by another flood this evening. Between 6 and 7 o'clock the water in Green brook rose four feet, carrying away the bridge on Somerset street, which had been weakened by the flood of a few weeks ago. Cedar brook has overflowed its banks, and residents of Tenth street are greatly alarmed.

Although the Feltville dam is pronounced safe, timid people fear that it may break, and great uneasiness exists. Life ropes have been placed across Somerset street.

TERRIBLE LAND SLIDE.

SEVEN DWELLINGS DEMOLISHED IN QUEBEC.

SEVERAL DEAD BODIES TAKEN OUT—BETWEEN TWENTY AND THIRTY LIVES SUPPOSED TO BE LOST.

QUEBEC, Sept. 19.—To-night several thousand tons of rock slid from Cape Diamond, at the end of Dufferin Terrace, to Champlain street, 300 feet below, demolishing in its course seven dwellings.

Up to midnight six bodies have been taken from the ruins, viz: Thomas Farrell and two of his children; also two children named Burke and one unknown child.

Farrell's mother-in-law, Mrs. Allen, and her husband are still in the ruins.

About 25 persons have been removed from the debris badly injured. Some have broken arms and legs, and others are badly crushed and mutilated.

It is supposed that at least 50 persons are yet under the ruins.

"B" Battery, the fire brigade, the police force are on the ground rendering valuable assistance.

All the wounded removed from the ruins were conveyed to the Marine and Fisheries Department, where medical men and clergymen looked after them.

The debris covers the road in a solid mass some 300 feet in length and from 15 to 25 feet high.

It is impossible to say at present how many are dead and wounded. Every one is working heroically and under difficulties, as the night is intensely dark and the electric light wires have been prostrated.

—Two cyclone disturbances are reported from the West Indies, one south-south west of Havana and the other south-south-east of Cuba. The first snow of the season at Laramie, Wyoming, and Leadville, Colorado, fell on the morning of the 14th.

Speak well, even to a bad man.

Whisky is easily rectified, mistakes not.

DOWN AN EMBANKMENT.

ONE PERSON KILLED AND A NUMBER INJURED, SEVERAL FATALLY.

WICHITA, Kansas, Sept. 19.—The east-bound St. Louis and San Francisco passenger train was derailed near Leon, Butler county, yesterday, by the spreading of the rails. Three passenger coaches left the track while the train was going thirty miles an hour and rolled down a 15-foot embankment. The coaches were not well filled, and thus the loss of life was not so great as it otherwise would have been. R. M. Bemis was instantly killed, being thrown through the roof of the car. Isaac Dean, of this city, was fatally injured, having his breast crushed in by a car timber. Mrs. Matseka, also of this city, was fatally crushed by the weight of the car. Mrs. John Mitchell, of Fort Smith, Arkansas, had one arm and one leg broken; Mrs. R. A. Hodges, of Arkansas City, had an arm and several ribs broken, and may die; R. L. Lathrop, of Kansas City, had his right leg broken in two places and received internal injuries. About ten more were slightly injured.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Frederick Doty, aged 18 years, was taken in an unconscious condition in a cab to the New York Hospital, on the morning of the 15th, and died soon after. Three young men were with him, Frank Washburne, Thomas L. Spier and Albert L. Liell. Doty's father is a dealer in rubber goods on Park Row. The young men had all been drinking together. According to the story of his companions Doty fell and struck his head against the curbstone. An autopsy showed that Doty died from intercranial hemorrhage, caused either by a blow or fall. A mystery surrounds the case, which the police and Coroner are endeavoring to clear away.

—During a game of cards in Pittsburg on the evening of the 14th Giovanni Franchello stabbed his brother Michele to death. Luther Wallace shot and killed Lulu Smith, a servant in the Central Hotel in California, Missouri, on the 14th, and then shot himself. He is fatally wounded.

—A Chicago and Western express train from Pittsburg on the 16th passed at full speed through three open switches on to a siding, at Colliers, West Virginia, and dashed into several gondolas. The engine was wrecked, and thrown down an embankment. The baggage car was thrown crosswise and stripped of all its trucks; the smoker was thrown partly down the bank. Engineer Barney Bannon and Fireman John O'Bey, both of Pittsburg, stood by the engine until it went over, being thrown into some bushes; and escaped with slight injuries. The passengers and trainmen in the smoker and baggage car also escaped with a few slight injuries

—The stage between Forest Hill and Auburn, in California, was stopped on the morning of the 16th by one masked man, who demanded the treasure box. It was given him and he rode away.

—The Nicely brothers, confined in jail at Somerset, Pa., under sentence of death for the murder of Farmer Umburger, on the 16th overpowered the sheriff, and, when a deputy sheriff went to his assistance, one of the brothers, with the sheriff's revolver, shot the deputy, and both made good their escape. The deputy's wound is a serious one. The fugitives were subsequently captured.

—W. Q. Campbell, accompanied by a dog, made a safe passage through the rapids below Niagara Falls on the 15th. Both the man and dog wore cork life preservers. Campbell is about 21 years of age.

—Frank Amos, a prominent citizen of Morgan county, was murdered at his home, on the 16th, by Mrs. Hamton, his niece who literally hacked his face and head to pieces with a butcher knife, which she had carried for weeks avowedly for that purpose. Amos was picking berries in a field with his wife when the attack was made. She and a man who was passing on the road were attracted by his cries, and reached him only in time to see him breathe his last and to see Mrs. Hamton and her daughter run away. The murder grew out of a lawsuit, in which the testimony of Amos threw the costs on Mrs. Hamton.

—While some laborers in the stone quarries near Vancouver, British Columbia, were opening cans of powder with chisels on the morning of the 16th, a terrible explosion occurred, killing Patrick Morgan and Patrick Delaney. Four other men were fearfully burned. A milk wagon driven by a young man named Holmstrom, and containing five persons, was struck by an engine at a railroad crossing in Chicago on the evening of the 15th. One of the men, William Bensell, was killed; the others escaped with slight bruises.

—Charles Friese, assistant engineer in the ice-house of Ruppert's brewery in New York, was killed on the evening of the 15th. While at his post he noticed that a bolt which held in place a huge crank arm, weighing a ton, had become loose. In attempting to adjust it he lost his footing and fell, striking with his feet the lever which started the machinery, fell into a shallow pit into which the crank dips and in which it fits exactly. The machinery descended and crushed the engineer.

—Frederick Krohn and Frank Smith, of Fremont, Wisconsin, were drowned on the 14th while fishing. The upper story of a new two-story brick building in the outskirts of Chicago was blown down on the afternoon of the 17th, dangerously, if not fatally, injuring John Robelal and John Kohl. John Zuinthal and his ten children left Boone, Iowa, in a wagon about September 1st for Milwaukee. They were ten days on the road, and on arriving in Milwaukee nine of the children were taken with diphtheria, six dying within six days. They contracted the disease on the road.

—Nineteen herds of cattle are quarantined in Chester county, Penna., on account of pleuro-pneumonia.

—Another supposed yellow fever case was reported to the Brooklyn Health authorities on the 18th. The subject was a seaman, named Elonen, on the Atlas Line steamer Alvo, from Costa Rica. He was taken sick when two days out, and on arriving at Brooklyn he went to the Charities Department and complained of having chills and pains in the back. He was sent to the county hospital. Dr. Arnold is of opinion that it is a genuine case of yellow fever. The captain of the steamer which arrived at Brooklyn, New York, the other day with a suspicious case of sickness on board, has been fined $100 in Brooklyn for making an affidavit that there was no sickness on board during the trip.

—An explosion of gas in Neilson's shaft, at Shamokin, Penna., on the 17th, burned Alexander Crow, John Tocas, John Murphy and William Calvin, the first two named fatally. The explosion was caused by Tocas, who was ignorant of the presence of the gas.

—A large dam at Springton Forge, eight miles above Coatesville, Penna., burst on the evening of the 17th, owing to the heavy rains, and on the morning of the 18th the Brandywine creek had arisen to an alarming height. Hundreds of fields were a dreary waste of water. Many farmers and their families left their houses during the night and remained on the neighboring hills. The Wilmington and Northern Railroad is not yet open between Reading and Wilmington. Many miles of fences have been carried away, and, on a number of farms, everything not in buildings was carried away. The damage amounts to many thousands of dollars. At one time the Brandywine creek was eighteen feet above its usual height.

—The grand parade of Odd Fellows and Patriarchs Militant, in Columbus, Ohio, on the 18th, was two and a half hours in passing a given point, and the number of men in line is estimated at over 20,000. About noon, while Grand Sire John C. Underwood was riding along the street with his staff, his horse slipped and fell. He fell under his horse and while in this position another horse ridden by a member of his staff struck him about the head with its feet. At first it was supposed his injuries were fatal, but, though severely hurt, he persisted in taking part in the parade, and in the evening was on duty as usual.

—A train of seven cars going south from Elmira, New York, on the evening of the 16th, ran into an engine at Tioga Junction, Penna., causing a bad wreck. The wreck caught fire and the injured passengers were with difficulty rescued. Two persons were killed—Eugene Daighne, newsboy, and Henry Oliver, of Union, New York—and 13 persons were injured, none fatally.

—Mrs. Evangeline Hamilton was on the 19th convicted at May's Landing, New Jersey, of atrocious assault and battery, upon Nurse Donnelly at Atlantic City, and was sentenced to two years in the State prison.

—The dead bodies of a man and woman were found on the morning of the 19th in a nursery at Windsor, Ontario, the woman having been shot through the heart and the man through the forehead. They had been sitting together two hours before. A revolver, with two empty chambers, lay beside the bodies, and the grass near by looked as if somebody had pulled it out, convulsively, with both hands. The man was apparently 27 years of age, and the woman about 20. Their clothes contained only three cents in money, but papers found on the man indicated that he was Silas Dinsmore, of Rushville, Indiana, and that the young woman was probably his wife.

—While a loaded wagon containing a party of five was crossing a ford near Purcellsville, Virginia, on the morning of the 19th, the stream being swollen, the horses became unmanageable, and the wagon was swept some distance. Miss Susie Cator, of Georgetown, District of Columbia, and Miss Ella Atwell, of Alexandria, jumped into the water and were drowned. The rest of the party reached shore. A waterspout burst over Cerro Gordo, Mexico on the 18th, causing several deaths. Live stock was swept away and houses destroyed. The exact number of deaths and the extent of the damage done are not known. The recent wet and windy weather has done great damage to the late peach crop in New Jersey. In Hunterdon county alone the loss is estimated at $100,000.

—Herrick Lopez, aged 13 years, was stabbed to death by Joseph Debarron, a boy in his ninth year, in a quarrel, near Wareham, Mass., on the evening of the 18th. A pocket-knife was the weapon. The Coroner's jury in New York on the 19th found Christian Deyhle guilty of the murder of Frederick Gesswein, whom he shot on the 13th inst. The accused was committed to the Tombs to await the action of the Grand Jury. Deyhle is said to be in the last stage of consumption, and it is believed he will not live to be brought to trial. W. M. Delemere, a former railroad man, was shot and killed in Atlanta, Georgia, early on the morning of the 19th, while attempting to get into a box car to steal a ride. He was shot by Watchman Elbridge, who asserts that Delemere drew a pistol on him.

—A freight train on the Mexican Central Railroad was derailed near Lagos on the 19th. Ten men were killed and three injured. It is supposed that the train was wrecked by robbers. Frank Haussen and an unknown man who was in the carriage with him were killed in Chicago on the evening of the 18th by being struck by a train. Merritt Wright, a contractor of Canton, Penna., was killed on the evening of the 18th by the caving in of a sand bank.

—The first snow of the season at Newburg, New York, fell on the afternoon of the 19th. Snow began falling on Mount Washington on the morning of the 19th, and by night was several inches deep. The summits near the Crawford House are white.

THE SHAH AND THE CANNON.

The Monarch of Persia Inspects Some Big Guns.

The Shah left Craigside, Rothbury, where he had been the guest of Lord Armstrong since the previous evening, at noon, and traveled by special train to Newcastle, arriving on the Tyne at 1 o'clock. On arrival the Shah was taken to the Elswick factory of Messrs. Armstrong, Mitchell & Co. The weather was fine and the streets were crowded. After luncheon the Shah and suite inspected the Elswick works. His Majesty's attention was first drawn to various portions of the large sixty-eight-ton ordinance, such as trunnions and breech rings, as well as to the six-inch cannon in progress of construction. Then he saw a monster 105-ton gun, at which he grew still more interested. He asked how far a 68-ton gun could throw its projectile, and he was told twelve and a half miles, and he lifted his hands with a gesture of astonishment. "What were such guns for?" was what he wished to know.

One of the new quick firing six-inch guns next attracted his Imperial Majesty's attention, who had it trained and the breech-block thrown open to see how it was worked. He looked down the bore at the rifling, and asked what such a gun would do. "Fire seven to nine shots a minute, and go through thirteen inches of iron at 2,000 yards," was the answer. Whereupon the Shah examined it all over most carefully. Then he and his Grand Vizier and suite looked intently at the almost finished 25-ton gun, which was being swung about and run to and fro on a traveling crane as if it were a popgun on a string in a man's hand. They looked at the attendant, who sat aloft, and who, with a touch of his hand, controlled the machinery, so that the ponderous steel cannon obeyed his every wish.

The Grand Vizier, who had never been in Europe before, but who is distinguished among all his fellow-countrymen for his keen powers of observation and great ability, said, on looking at the machinery: "God Almighty! is it possible men can so handle such masses of material as if they were straws? But, ah, there is no God but God. Ah! how easily it lifts it." Then he said: "Who are all these guns for—for England?" He was told they were being made to the order of the Italian Government. "What does Italy want with so many guns?" Then he desired to know what each gun—110, 68 and 25-ton—cost, and on learning the price exclaimed; "Thank God! we don't want any guns. We have no need for them in Persia."

Would Not Supply Geese.

The momentous fact now burst upon the world that in the fourteenth year of the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, one of the royal goose-herds wrote a letter stating that he could not supply twelve geese wanted for the King's festival. Of this simple fact the world has been in ignorance for over 4000 years; yet we are now assured of it on a irrefragable historical evidence as that which tells us that the Pharaoh of Joseph's time imprisoned his chief butler and chief baker for probably as small an offence. It comes about in this way. The State paper concerning the royal geese was duly pigeon-holed, and, after the lapse of years, perhaps, was disposed of as waste papyrus. It fell into the hands of the undertakers, who used it along with a lot of similar material in making the cartonnage headcase for a mummy.

This mummy was entombed in the necropolis of a little town (the site is called Tell Gurob at this day) which began to fall into decay about the time of Menepthan, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus. It has been disinterred by Mr. Petrie in the course of his last season's excavations in the Fayoum. The head case, with a thin covering of plaster over all, was soaked in water, and the papyri of which it was composed became separated without injury to the original writing. Thus we come to know about the gooseherd and about great many other far more interesting facts in connection with everyday life and affairs of the Egyptians of that epoch. For there are lots of mummies and quite a crop of Ptolemaic documents, and many of them will soon be in the actual custody of the British Museum authorities. Considering the progress that has been made in Egyptology during the present century, and the abundance of fresh material that has been brought to light of recent years, the next generation may be able to learn as much about Egyptian antiquities as the present one can about Grecian or Roman.

From records previously recovered it appears to be established that Ægean Greeks visited Egypt quite 4800 years ago. During his last season's explorations Mr. Petrie exhumed at Illabun some pottery of that period stamped with alphabetical characters which are neither hieroglyphic nor hieratic. There is nothing to show that these two facts are in any way connected. But he exhumed at Tell Gurob a quantity of pottery of undoubted Cypriote and Mycenæn types, and which belongs to a period somewhat anterior to the Exodus. These, curiously enough, are incised with characters of a very similar description. The obvious inference is that these alphabetic characters are very early Greek or Phœnician. Should this conjecture prove to be well confounded it will lead to some very startling conclusions. It has generally been accepted that the Homeric epics were preserved by oral tradition and edited, if not added to, at a later period. But these discoveries of Mr. Petrie suggest the astounding possibility that the Iliad may have been reduced to writing at blind Homer's own dictation.

The Effects of Tight Clothing.

Now that rational ideas as to dress have acquired a definite place in public esteem, it may be imagined that the practice of tight lacing and customs of a like nature, if known at all, are not what they used to be. A case of sudden death lately reported from Birmingham proves that it is still too early to indulge in such illusory ideas. The deceased, a servant girl of excitable temperament, died suddenly in an epileptoid fit, and the evidence given before the coroner respecting her death attributed the fatal issue to asphyxia, due in a great measure to the fact that both neck and waist were unnaturally constricted by her clothing, the former by a tight collar, the latter by a belt worn under the stays. We have here certainly those very conditions which would lead us to expect the worst possible consequences from a convulsive seizure. There is no organ of the body whose free movement is at such times more important than the heart. Yet here we find, on the one hand, its movements hampered by a tight girdle so placed that it could with difficulty be undone at a critical moment; on the other, a contrivance admirably adapted to allow the passage of blood to the brain, while impeding its return. This is no isolated case as regards its essential character, though, happily, somewhat singular in its termination. Minor degrees of asphyxiation, we fear, are still submitted to by a good many self-torturing children of vanity. The tight corset and the high heel still work mischief on the bodies of their devoted wearers. Taste and reason, indeed combine to deprecate their injurious and vulgar bondage, and by no means unsuccessfully. Still, the evil maintains itself. Cases like that above mentioned ought to, if they do not, open the eyes of some self worshippers of the other sex, who heedlessly strive by such means to excel in a sickly grace. We would strongly impress on all of this class the fact that beauty is impossible without health, and would advise them, in the name of taste as well as comfort, to avoid these methods of contortion, one and all, by which elegance is only caricatured, and health may be painfully and permanently injured.

1869-Prices-1889.

There is a wide field for thought opened by comparing the prices of leading articles as sold in New York, 20 years ago, with present quotations. On the 13th of September, 1869, gold sold at 135½. If prices are compared it will be noted that refined sugar was just about double the present cost, R. L. & A. Stuart's granulated being 16½c. against 8½c. to-day, for Havemeyers & Elder's product. Provisions cost much more than double, lard being 17 a 20c. against 6½ a 7c. now; pork, $27 a 30 against $12 a 12 50; butter, 40 a 48c., for the best grades, against 17 a 20c. to-day. Refined petroleum in barrels was 30 a 32½c. per gallon in 1869, but now it is 7½ a 7¼c.

Soap is about half the price now that it was 20 years ago. In spices the reduction is great, for then a heavy duty was imposed, while now they are duty free. Reader, look at the price of tea in 1869, as compared with the present invoice cost, and note the tremendous reduction, from 80 a 90c. to 15 a 20c. for low grade Japan. It is needless to specify further with both price lists before you. We live in an era of cheap food; of better food now than formerly. It comes to the consumer in better style and condition. Luxuries that only the rich could afford in 1869 are now so plenty and cheap that the masses can use them daily.

Steam, and electricity, as applied to machinery and transportation, have reduced the cost of production. Twenty years ago you will note the difference of fully four cents per pound between the cost of raw sugar and refined, while to-day it is about one cent, and before the trust was formed two-thirds of a cent per pound, and this is due to the use of the centrifugal machine, which enables the refiner to accomplish in one day's work which 20 years ago required two weeks. Note the difference in the cost of canned goods and their character: A few staple articles were accessible in 1869 at high cost, viz., $2.40 per dozen for No. 3 tomatoes, which to-day sell at 85 and 90 cents; corn, in two-pound cans, $3.50 and $3.75, which has gone begging this season at 50 and 90 cents per dozen. We are a busy people, but we earn more money and live better than ever before in the history of the country.

The Royal Society, London, has appointed a committee to collect the various accounts of the volcanic catastrophe at Krakatoa and the several phenomena which attended it.

CONVERSING BY TELEGRAPH.

An Operator Says He Does Not Hear the Click of the Instrument.

"Do I hear the click of my instrument?" said a telegraph operator when asked what was the sensation of receiving a message and writing it out at the same time. "Well, I suppose I do, else I could not take the message, but the sound does not make a noticeable impression on my ear. In fact, I am never conscious of the fact that there is a click. I do not associate the actual dot or dash with a letter. To me it is the letter itself. So when I am 'receiving' it is precisely the same as if some one was talking to me.

"Most of the messages come along so rapidly, you know, that they make a running conversation. It is not precisely as if you were talking to me here, but rather as if you sat in one corner of a room and spoke to me. This is so true that, when a question is asked, an operator fancies that he hears the rising of the voice at the end of the sentence. This prevents one from becoming overcome by the terrible monotony of the thing, for I often get interested in the messages. When I am receiving a graphic newspaper account of any incident I feel as if some one was telling it to me. Perhaps it is more real to me than to one who reads it afterward.

"Sometimes when my wire is not at work I lie back in my chair and doze off. When another operator begins to call me the effect is the same as if he spoke my name in my ear, repeating it over and over again. I do not associate the call with anything but the idea it represents. That is why the little pleasantries which two operators exchange do not seem so unsympathetic to us as people think they are. I have had men laugh at me when I told them that I had just greeted a fellow operator after 'getting him.' The thing struck them as being ludicrous. He heard nothing but the metallic snap. It often happens that you lose track of a man for a long time. Some day he bobs up again at the other end of a wire. You don't discover who it is until the message is over the wire perhaps. Then you say, 'Hullo, where have you been; how are you?" just about as you would if you met him in the street.

"Then you get to know some man whom you have never seen. You talk with him, say 'hullo' and good-by,' and get well acquainted with him in time. You wonder what he looks like, whether he is tall or short and such things. Some day he changes, or you change, for operators are always moving around, you meet him and you are friends on the spot. Of course, when you know a man personally and talk with him, the conversation is all the more natural. But you mustn't get the idea that operators say much over the wires at one time. They don't often have the time. When work is pressing we jump from one message to another without wasting much time.

"Can I recognize certain men by their touch on the key? No, I can't say that I can. But there are some men that are like lightning, and I usually find out pretty soon whether or not the fast man of an office is on the other end. Then there are men that are terribly slow, so that I feel as if I were listening to a drawling voice. I can tell when I have taken two words whether the sender is a good or poor operator."

Chinese Rush Goods.

The city of Ningpo is the centre of the large internal and foreign trade in rush goods, such as hats, matting, etc. The magnitude of the trade may be estimated from the fact that last year 14¼ million hats, one and a quarter million mats and about 8000 rolls of matting were exported. The Commissioner of Customs in his last report from Ningpo describes the method of cultivation. The roots of the plants are pulled up from last year's field, divided into small portions, and replanted in a flooded field, at intervals of about a foot. This is done in September and October. The fields must be plentifully manured and abundant water supply is necessary, and weeds must be cleared away. The rushes are harvested in June and July; it is essential that this should be done in fine weather, so that they may be dry in three days of cutting. If they dry too slowly they are apt to change color, while if they remain too long in the sun they get scorched and bent. Rain, when they are only partially dry, spoils them altogether. An average worker can make four hats of good quality, 12 in., 3 braid, a day; working carelessly and weaving loosely, the quantity can be doubled. But in the rush trade, as in the straw braid trade of Northern China, fraudulent practices have crept in and greatly injured it. The work is hastily and loosely done, and the home market is flooded with inferior and in some cases unsalable goods. At present every hat in every bale has to be examined, and every yard in every roll of matting, greatly to the injury of the trade.

Experimental researches on rabies conducted by M. P. Gibier go to prove that birds may contract the disease and that they recover spontaneously.

An incombustible paper, and inks and colors not affected by fire, have been invented. At a trial some specimens were consigned to a retort in a pottery furnace for four hours, and came out unchanged.

Consider the Ravens.

Lord, according to Thy words,
I have considered Thy birds:
And I find their life good,
And better the better understood:
Sowing neither corn or wheat,
They have all they can eat;
Reaping no more than they sow,
They have all they can stow:
Having neither barn nor store,
Hungry again, they eat more.

Considering, I see, too, that they
Have a busy life, and plenty of play:
In the earth they dig their bills deep,
And work well though they do not heap;
Then to play in the air they are not loath,
And their nests between are better than both.
But this is when there blow no storms;
When berries are plenty in winter, and worms;
When their feathers are thick, and oil is enough
To keep the cold out and the rain off:
If there should come a long hard frost,
Then it looks as if Thy birds were lost.

But I consider further, and find
A hungry bird has a free mind;
He is hungry to-day, not to-morrow:
Steals no comfort, nor grief doth borrow:
This moment is his, Thy will hath said it,
The next is nothing till Thou hast made it.

The bird has pain, but has no fear,
Which is the worst of any gear:
When cold and hunger and harm betide him,
He gathers them not, to stuff inside him;
Content with the day's ill he has got,
He waits just, nor haggles with his lot;
Neither jumbles God's will
With driblets from his own still.

But next I see in my endeavor,
Thy birds here do not live forever:
That cold or hunger, sickness or age,
Finishes their earthly stage;
The rook drops dead without a stroke,
And never gives another croak:
Birds lie here and birds lie there,
With little feathers all astare;
And in Thy own sermon, Thou
That the sparrow falls dost allow.

It shall not cause me any alarm,
For neither so comes the bird to harm,
Seeing our Father, Thou hast said,
Is by the sparrow's dying bed;
Therefore it is a blessed place,
And the sparrow in high grace.
It cometh, therefore, to this, Lord;
I have considered Thy word,
And henceforth will be Thy bird.

By George MacDonald.

LOSING HER HOLD.

The schoolmaster and his wife, after morning meeting was over, took their way down Prout's Lane and across the hill homeward. The path was narrow; the dominie walked first. He made a remark at long intervals to his wife behind him, but without looking back:

"'Squire wasn't out. Reckon his lumbago's worse?"

"'S likely."

"The doctor had his little grandchild with him. I suppose his daughter has come for the summer."

"I reckon she has."

There was a long silence after that, broken only by the buzz of the bees in the red clover and the ch'k-k-k of the grasshopers through the hot grass. The old man stopped to see how much the corn in the lower field had grown during the week, and to gaze meditatively at the pigs in their pen. But Mrs. Holmes had no thought to day for pigs or corn. She walked with her head bent on her breast, almost forgetting to hold up the skirts of her Sunday merino out of the grass. There had been a strange preacher that day—an old man with a quick, sharp tone like the call of a horn to wandering sheep—very different from Father Langley's prolonged, drowsy hum. One or two of his sentences rung in Ann Holme's ears.

"While you live, live! You wrap yourself in selfishness and fat content, as in grave clothes before you are dead. The world is full of your brothers, starving, cold, ignorant. Go to them! You owe them service to the last breath of your life."

Mrs. Holmes had asked the doctor's wife, anxiously, what she thought of the sermon, as they came out of the churchyard.

Mrs. Perry shook her head contemptuously.

"He's one of these half-cracked, sensational preachers. What has Amity township to do with the starving poor? We keep our almshouse well. Let the big towns see to their own paupers?"

Ann was comforted for the moment, but she remained uneasy. That hint about the grave clothes seemed a personal hit at herself. Could the man know?

She hurried past the schoolmaster when they reached their own gate, going up the spotless board walk, with beds of geraniums and roses on either side, to the side door. She could not resist a complacent glance at those beds. Not a weed; the brown earth sifted fine and smooth. There was no such garden in the village; no kitchen was so exquisitely neat; no parlor was so speckless and prim. Surely, her conscience told her she was a good Christian woman fulfilling her duty, and had no cause for wrench and misery of soul which she felt just now.

She went upstairs to her own chamber, laid off her bonnet carefully, and then unlocked a drawer in the press. She did not need to lift the white towels. She knew perfectly well what was pinned up in them. The underclothing of snowy linen, the worked flannels, the fine woolen shroud. She put had every stitch in them. Could the man have known?

Every matron in Amity had her "funeral suits" provided. It was a matter of pride to them, just as Mrs. B., in Boston, would delight in her old satsuma or her Corot. The Amity people glorified in their new cemetery. The Holmes had their lot like the rest; a narrow one; for there were only two to be buried in it. Ann had her choicest roses set out there. She had directed in her will every detail of the trimming on her coffin.

She thrust her hand under the shroud now and pulled out a little bag of gold coin. They were the savings of years; pennies scrimped out of clothes, meat, milk. They were to pay for the handsome granite monument "Erected to the memory of Daniel Holmes and Ann, his wife."

"While you live, live!"

She dropped the bag as if some one spoke at her back, locked the drawer, and went downstairs,

The "piece" was spread as usual on Sunday noon; flaky bread; clover-scented honey, delicious pies. Ann, as she cut the pie, was comforted by a sense of spiritual well-being. No woman made such crust in Amity. No woman was more faithful at meeting, at Sunday schoo', at missionary society. In what had she come short? her starved soul demanded of its Maker. Every duty, great and small, had been well finished.

Mrs. Holmes was fifty-five years of age, but she used to speak of herself as near her grave. She twisted up her hair in a wisp, and wore the scuttle bonnets proper to old age. The work of life, she held, was finished for her and Daniel. They had paid for the farm, so that when one died the other was sure of maintenance; the farm and house were in perfect order, the cemetery lot was bought. The money for the monument was a kind of frilling embroidery on this perfected life, the handsome flourish to the signature which closed the deed.

As she sat pouring out the tea, thinking these things over, her husband "reckoned" again that the 'Squire's lumbago was bad, and that the doctor's daughter was at home. Then he yawned drearily, and fell asleep in his chair in the sun.

How much of his time he slept in yawning and sleeping! Yet, thirty years ago, Daniel Holmes was an eager teacher, keeping well abreast with the knowledge and ideas of his time, living in the world of books, newspapers, music and pictures. But they had come out of town into this village, and set themselves to scrape together money to buy this farm. What was the change that had come on them? Had they really been spinning their grave clothes out of selfishness?

Ann went to afternoon service, but she did not hear a word of Father Langley's discourse. She was back in the town; long-forgotton history sounded in her ears. There was Dan's brother, Jack, poor fellow! She saw him plainly in the crowd. A gay, affectionate lad, who might have turned out well if he had been guided! But he had married a feather-headed girl, and Ann, out of patience, had turned them both adrift.

As they walked home that evening she said to the schoolmaster: "How long is it since we heard from John, Dannell?"

He did not reply at first, and when he did, it was a strained, annoyed voice:

"Twenty-six years."

"I wish I and Abbie could have hit it off together. I am feared that it was not right to shove them off, with neither money nor religion 'for a staff.'"

Daniel made no reply, but Ann understood his silence as more bitter a reply than words.

The next morning she brought him a small canvas bag.

"There is some money I have saved for buryin' expenses, Dannell," she said. "I'd like to take it instead for us to spend a week in Philadelphia."

"What tomfoollery's that?"

"There's no poor folks in Amity, 'n maybe we might see some there as we might give—advice to. And you could look up the libraries and museums."

"Nonsense!"

"And maybe we might meet John."

'Here, put the money away!" I'll bank it," he growled.

But four days later Amity was shaken to its centre by the news that the schoolmaster and his wife had gone for an outing to Philadelphia.

"There's a queer customer," whispered one of the attendants in the old Franklin Library a week afterwards. "He comes every day and goes from shelf to shelf breathless, as if he had not touched a book for years. Been buried in the country, I suppose."

"And why should anybody who can live out of doors and dig want to smell this musty leather?" grumbled the other lad, who was lean and stooped, with an ugly cough.

He went up to Daniel, however, and helped him in his explorations.

Our country pilgrims put up at an old fashioned inn in the lower part of the city. Daniel came back to it at night fairly panting with the triumphs of his researches. He had visited kindergartens, industrial schools and museums, where art and science were taught without charge to the poorest.

"As for libraries, whole continents of knowledge have been discovered while I was dozing and snoring in Amity," he exclaimed.

Ann made her rounds among the asylums, the hospitals for children, the free classes, the creches. Her cold gray eyes were dim and wet.

"Half the world seems to be cold and hungry, and the other half are working to warm and feed them," she said. "And I could find nothing to do but to make fine my shroud and gravestone! But have you got any trace of John or Abbie, Dannell?"

"No; I doubt its no use Ann."

But as Ann woke day by day and got her hold upon the world again, her search became more energetic. One day she came in at noon red with excitement.

"I've found them, Dannell. That is to say, John and Abbie are dead; but they've left three children. The eldest boy supports them, and he is that consumptive lad in the library you took such a fancy to. Come right along. Don't stop for dinner. Come! Three children! And the Lord never before gave us one!"

Mrs. Ann Holmes' house is no longer the neatest in Amity. The chubby little girl of fourteen who helps her in the kitchen leaves her work and schoolbooks here and there and the baby who tags after her from morning until night drops her greasy bread and butter even in the sacred parlor, unrebuked.

"What's a clean floor compared to the flesh coming onto their bones?" she asks, triumphantly. "Look at Albert! He's another boy. He is a born farmer. That library was killing him."

"I'll have no abuse of libraries," Daniel says. "I'm going up for study twice a year. It doesn't do to lose your hold on the world. You've got to keep step while you live."

"Y-es," Ann replies absently. She is looking up a hymn simple enough for Abbie to understand, and after that she is going to make some flannel petticoats for baby before the cold weather comes. They are cut and neatly folded in her basket, and the drawer up-stairs which held her fine shroud is empty.—*Congregationalist.*

The Smart Indian Boy.

At a meeting held at Hampton last "Indian Emancipation day," one of the Indian boys in his speech said: "Whenever we do anything, white man don't like he calls us 'Injun,' whenever we do anything Injun don't like he calls us 'white man.'" He also expressed his conviction that "Injun boy great deal smarter than white boy, 'cause folks expect that Injun will learn as much in three years as white boy does in nine or ten years."

LIGHTNING'S FREAKS.

Some Very Peculiar Instances of its Effects on the Body.

Bergen D. Newell, a grocer of Plainfield, N. J., while pulling up his awning during a severe thunder st rm in June, received a stroke of lightning that very nearly killed him. He was completely paralyzed for several hours, and was not able to speak or make any sort of motion. His shoes were torn from his feet, though his feet gave no evidence of the visit of the mysterious fluid. There were a few slight burns on his body. Though he was paralyzed he retained entire possession of his faculties, and can describe the sensa ion he experienced as life came back to his benumbed limbs. He thinks he might have been unconscious for a second, because he has no recollection of falling. On the other hand, he saw the clerk in his store running to his assistance. Inasmuch as the clerk saw him fall and ran immediately to his assistance, it would seem that the period of unconsciousness must have been very short indeed.

"My eyes were wide open," said he, "and I was not able to close them. I could see hear and understand everything, but could not move or talk. At first my body seemed absolutely devoid of any feeling whatever, then, as the treatment to which the doctors subjected me began to have effect, I became conscious first of a feeling of numbness, which gradually began to be painful, until finally the numbness had worn away and my entire body seemed to be one of intense ache, very much like that which accompanies inflammatory rheumatism. When the pain was most intense my muscles began to have involuntary motion, a sort of twitching much like that of Sr. Vitus' dance. Very shortly after that I began to get control of my muscles myself, and motion became gradually easier to me. All this occupied probably ten hours from the time I was struck."

Mr. Newell says also that he was a victim of insomnia before this experience, which has now entirely disappeared.

Five years ago Mrs. William Baxter of Milford, Conn., was struck by lightning during a sudden afternoon storm, while she was in the act of closing a window to prevent the rain from driving in. The fluid first struck a corner of the frame dwelling and tore off the clapboards in a straight line toward the open window. It then prostrated Mrs. Baxter and ran along two sides of the bedroom to the chimney following the brickwork to the kitchen below, where iron pots and kettles were scattered over the floor and the stove upset.

Mrs. Baxter was a short, stout woman, about 45 years of age, and subject to rheumatism in her lower limbs. The stroke of lightning knocked her senseless, and she remained unconscious for more than three hours. Her skin was not broken, but the electric fluid left dark blue marks across her shoulders and down the right side, in which there was for a year afterward a partial paralysis. She has now almost entirely recovered from the effects of the stroke, and has since been wholly free from her rheumatic troubles.

Mrs. Baxter has no recollection of what transpired from the moment she raised her hand to unfasten the window sash until she regained consciousness. Her senses came as suddenly as they departed, and she at once stretched out her arm and endeavored to lower the sash. While members of her family were rubbing her limbs to resuscitate her there was no sign of life excepting an occasional long breath. When a thunderstorm is now approaching Mrs. Baxter feels an attack of nausea, but otherwise she is well as ever.

Henry M. Burt, the editor and publisher of *Among the Clouds*, a souvenir daily newspaper published on the summit of Mt. Washington, N H., during the summer season, will long have reason to remember his experience with lightning, which occurred nine or ten years ago. The paper was then issued from the old Tip Top House, which contained the printing press, types, cases, etc. Thunder storms are frequent at this elevation, 6,293 feet, many times the shower passing below the summit, on which the sun will be shining, while the lightning plays below.

On this occasion a bolt came through the window, struck Mr. Burt, dodged about among the other persons present, and then went out at another window. Mr. Burt was picked up insensible, placed on one end of the train of the cog railroad which runs down the mountain side, and taken to the base, where he was buried up to his neck in fresh earth. The electricity rapidly left him and he recovered his senses.

He was disabled for a couple of months or more, but entirely recovered, except that he has been since, perhaps in somewhat more delicate health than before. His sensation when recovering his senses was an intense prickling or tingling all over his body, as if innumerable fine-pointed needles were sticking into the flesh.

The same course of treatment, burying the patient in fresh earth as soon as possible was tried on a fireman on the Mount Washington railroad, who was struck by lightning, with equally good results. In that case the fireman, who was taken from the summit of the mountain to the base insensible, is said to have ridden back in the cab of his own engine a few hours after.

Lavinda Adams, a farmer residing at Pound Ridge, N. Y., a small town of a few miles below Danbury, Conn., just over the State line, was sitting at the supper table with his family and a neighbor, Noah Brown, on Saturday evening, April 20, talking, laughing and joking, when about 6 o'clock a peal of thunder came, a flash, and nothing more was seen or heard by any of the party until Edward, the 19-year-old boy came to his senses.

Everything was in disorder. Every pane of glass in the window frames was shattered. His father, mother, two sisters, infant brothers and Mr. Brown were lying on the floor motionless and apparently dead.

The crackling and snapping of timbers over head attracted his attention, and as he saw the flames rapidly consuming the dry and splintered rafters he realized that it was time for action. He lost no time in dragging the forms of the unfortunates out of the doomed house.

His oldest sister was the next to recover from the shock, and she was at once sent for help. Neighbors hurried to the scene, and set about to extinguish the flames. This done, they all turned their attention to the unfortunate and still unconscious victims. Mrs Adams had recovered in the meantime, but she showed every sign of insanity, and it was by main force she was kept from rushing into the burning building. The youngest sister was killed outright.

Mr. Brown was so badly injured that he died the following morning. His flesh was torn into shreds, and in many places the bone was exposed. Mr. Adams was badly burned, but recovered.

For weeks Mr. Adams was a raving maniac, one moment laughing, the next groaning and writhing in the most intense pain. By careful nursing she was brought back to herself.

Lightning recently struck a tree at Danbury, Conn., near which stood a little girl 11 years of age. The shock caused the girl to spin around like a top. A man who was passing ran and caught her as she was falling to the ground. She was carried into the house and soon recovered. She claims she felt as if 1,000 needles were pricking her, then felt no more until she recovered. Her parents say she has never been as bright or intelligent since the shock.

Several years ago, in a small Massachusetts town, Thomas Taylor was standing on the porch of the house of James Acton. The latter was leaning against the side of the open door. They were watching the approach of a thunder storm. Acton was struck by lightning and instantly killed, while Taylor was only benumbed and rendered unconscious. He remained in an unconscious condition for several days, but recovered after many months of suffering. He said:

"I had no idea what struck me, and had no feeling whatever for four days. I was not conscious of anything. I was told that when found my clothes were torn and considerably burned. My hair before the shock was light brown. Now, as you see, it is as white as that of an old man of 80 years."

THE PROVOKING OFFICE BOY.

The Bad Qualities of one Member of the Tribe Exposed.

In one of the biggest law offices in this city there is employed a little, pale-faced boy whose bright eyes are forever on the alert to detect something. He doesn't care much what it is so that it violates some of the rules laid down by his employers or seems to him to be wrong and needful of correction. His contempt for wealth and power is unsurpassed, and he will detect some slight fracture of the rules by a famous man and chide him as quickly as though he were the poorest client on the list of his employers. His little desk is near the entrance, and here he sits throughout the day with his pointed chin in his hands and his eyes fixed upon some bloody tail of hairbreadth escapes. But his wits are always on edge and the fall of the lightest footstep without causes him to prick up his ears and listen with every fibre of his body. When the person enters he asks:

"Who did you wish to see?"

"Mr.—"

"What did you wish to see him about?"

"I will tell him."

"Very well."

Then the boy resumes his reading and the visitor, after a puzzled glance at the row of little offices, says:

"Please tell Mr.—that Mr. Smith is out here and would like to see him,"

"What about?"

"Bless your impudence, what's that to you?"

The boy returns wearily to his book and pays no further attention to anything outside of it until Mr. Smith weakens and says:

"Tell him I want to see him about the Blank matter."

Then the boy looks up and says with an air of renewed interest in life:

"Oh, but I can't; 'cause Mr.—isn't it. He has just stepped out."

"When will he be in?"

"Don't know."

"Will he be in again to-day?"

"Guess not."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Yes sir."

"Where?"

"Europe.'

Summer Outings.

Many who have become enfeebled by long confinement and close attention to the calls of sedentary occupations rush away for a short holiday, and endeavor by systematic over- exertion to make up for the inactivity of the previous months. Every year brings its sad warnings of this folly in a record of fatalities, while the experience of most pracationers shows yet more clearly that this overstrain is followed by prolonged illness. The circulatory and respiratory system work hand-in-hand, and rebel against any sudden disturbance of their ordinary routine. The dadger is always greatest when there is any heart weakness. In moments of intense nervous excitement the breathing is frequently unconsciously stopped, and the strain upon an enfeebled heart then becomes very severe. Emotional excitement necessarily produces palpitation, and the fixation of the thorat (chest) then adds to the difficulty at the moment when the heart is at its weakest. The prime requisite for a happy summer outing, for a beneficial vacation, is the harmonious setting. Keep cool; don't fret your nerves; strive to keep your temper, and be deliberate. *Don't hurry.* A vacation in the summer is a good thing—a very good thing — provided you go about it like a sensible being. Let us drop our "beastly" American way of doing it. It is the pace that is snapping so many strings. Go slow.

'Tis best not to dispute where there is no probability of convincing.

Prayer without work and a note without a signature are alike in value.

FASHION NOTES.

The season is waning. Very soon all costumes of batiste, foulard India silk, all hats of light straw and tulle must be laid aside. A few new graceful and fanciful shaped hats are seen, the most conspicuous is a broad, square flat in Italian straw, fancifully turned up, draped and crumpled, black velvet around the crown and a garland of white velvet edelweiss with hearts of gold, a dainty wreath, spreading its pretty flowers of remembrance and fidelity, is placed upon the slope of the brim in front. More graceful, more elegant and fresher there is however, in this head-dress a resemblance to that of the belles of the "Frasteverie." A dress which accompanies this hat, is a nothing, trifle, in banana colored batiste figured with clematis and thistles. Very light and simple, it is gathered over a rose and banana colored changeable silk. On the bottom a gathered flounce, two large reveres on the corsage, covered with fine silk embroidery to match the color of the skirt. A long rose colored ribbon surrounds the waist and falls upon the side of the skirt. The sleeve is slightly puffed and held in the center by fine plaits. In the hand is the reed basket called *"cueille fleurs."*

With all these light robes, all these skirts of silk, other silk skirts of changing tints take a hundred different aspects.

One is in dalhia taffetas of a fine shade with which are mingled other tints admirably blinded. On the bottom of this skirt is a great ruche made of seven or eight ruffles gradulated in width and shades, from the lightest to the darkest. In this elegant garment may be seen tints from the rose mauve to the redish violet.

Then there is the pretty *"Nonnain in Scabieuse"* surah, accordeon plaited, the plaits fine and close, opening and closing with the appearance of velvet. Three rows of Chantilly insertion at the bottom separates the surah.

We see others, also without number in old brocade with strange flowers, and flounces of lace draped with knots of ribbon of charming shade.

All are little treasures, especially the "mignon," skirt of white surah covered with silk muslin interwoven with narrow ribbon of *"moire"* or of *"faille."* Such a bewildering array of luxurious garments has certainly never been seen before. We have eyes, in these days, only for the most ultra-elegant robes and hats, and as there are among our readers, many, like ourselves, they certainly will not complain but resign themselves gladly to what we can direct them, but we tremble when we think of the many others who will accuse us of tempting them to indulge in useless luxury and expense. FELICE LESLIE.

STRAIGHT SKIRTS.

The skirts of new dresses are hung to appear almost straight, yet those of heavy fabrics have one or two short steels in their foundation skirt, merely to support them, not to add to their size; the pad bustles are omitted altogether. The fronts and sides of many skirts are perfectly flat, while all are made full in the back by means of gathers or pleats, or some lengthwise jabot folds. When two materials are used in handsome camel's-hair and velvet dresses, the velvet is underneath, and the soft wool is slightly draped at the top on each side, and cut out there to show the velvet below the belt, and it is again slashed open in the front at the foot to disclose the velvet there also. In other skirts a width of velvet or silk, or whatever the contrasting material may be, appears down the left side quite straight or else in the middle of the back; sometimes a large ornament of passementerie or a drooping sash of velvet holds up the left side of the wool skirt to show a velvet skirt beneath. Few pleatings are at the foot of skirts; sometimes only a band of velvet or of wide ribbon. or a facing of the dress goods. is at the foot of the foundation skirt. For trimming the outside of a straight wool dress, no matter of what color, black borders are used in rows of velvet ribbon, or else three straight rows of open-patterned black passementerie, or the single row of vandyke points of passementerie.

The Question Finally Solved.

One often wonders why such a large number of idlers always surround every excavation or new building in the central part of the city, but an explanation given by one of yesterday sheds some light on the mystery. A man who sat on a block of stone carefully watching the work on the nine-story building attracted the attention of one of the bosses, who said:

"I have seen you around here most of the time for the last two months."

"Yes."

"Are you drawing wages?"

"Oh, no."

"Is it a relative of yours who is building?"

"No."

"Going to rent it when finished?"

"No."

"Getting points on architecture?"

"No."

"Well, then, what brings you here?"

"Well, I'll tell you, It struck me that you were not making the front door wide enough by an inch and a half, and I've been sitting around to see whether I was wrong or you meant to change it."

"That door is all right, sir, and won't be changed."

"Is it? Then there's no longer any need of my presence, and I'll move up-street and see if they carry the walls of that new store up plumb."

—Abraham Griffin, a jockey at the Merchantville race track, was crushed under his horse recently, and will probably die. In some manner the horse became unmanageable at one of the turns and ran with great force to the other fence. The jockey was thrown off and the horse rolled on him. Griffin was taken to the Cooper Hospital, Camden, where it was found that he was suffering from concussion of the brain, with probable internal injuries, and his chances of recovery are very slim.

Beware of those who are homeless from choice.

Friendship gives no privilege to make ourselves disagreeable.

HORSE NOTES.

—Doylestown races will be held on October 1, 2, 3 and 4. The classes range from 2.24 to 4.00.

—Guy trotted in 2.12 over the new Queen City Driving Club track at Cincinnati on Thursday September 12th.

—Among the latest bets on the National Stallion race, to be decided at Boston, September 18, is $1000 to $500 against Alcryon.

—Trenton has added a 2.25 trotting race for a $600 purse to the programme for decision on September 30th and following days.

—Sunol trotted in 2.16¼ for the Occident Stokes at Sacramento on Thursday September 12th. She was allowed a walkover by the default of the other nominations.

—Mr. George H. Engeman visited Brighton Beach Race Course on Thursday September 12th, and reported that $50) would repair the damage done by the storm.

—It was almost finally decided at a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the North Hudson Driving Park to have trotting races in the month of October.

—Premiums amounting to $20,000 will be awarded at the forty-third annual fair at Mount Holly, N. J., on October 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12.

—The pacer Charley Friel, purchased at the Fasig sale for $2950, reduced his record from 2.16½ to 2.15¾ over a half-mile track at Defiance, O., recently.

—Oriflamme and Hanover are the most successful horses on the turf that have undergone the trying operation of nerving. The former was never faster than at present.

—The following Danville (Ky.) horses have beat 2.30 this season for the first time: Don Pizarro, 2.15½; Gertie Harkaway, 2.26½; Mambrino Maid, 2.23¼, and S. G. Boyle's Egberta.

—Miller & Sibley, of Franklin, Pa., have sold the stallion Elector, record 2.21¼, by Electioneer, to the Springfield (Ill.) Stock Farm, for $7500.

—Henry W. Genet died recently at New York. He was an admirer of the trotting horse and owned the black gelding General Butler, which was famous in its day.

—For the first time in many years Utica "failed to connect" with the Grand Circuit. The track in the Genesee Valley is virtually a thing of the past and will live only in tradition.

—The chestnut mare Donna, foaled 1885, by Mambrino Patchen, dam Sunnyside, by Richelieu, broke her leg while running in the pasture recently and will probably have to be destroyed.

—Mambrino Maid, the 4-year-old daughter of Mambrino Startle, brother of Majolica, 2.15, made a record of 2.23 in the Phoenix Hotel Stakes at the Lexington Fair, recently.

—Czarina, daughter of Dolly, entered the 2.30 list at Chicago. This makes the fourth representative, the others being Director, 2.17; Thorndale, 2.21½, and Onward 2.25¼.

—W. H. Wilson, of Abdaliah Park, Cynthiana, Ky., has purchased from Edwin D. Bither, Racine, Wis., the bay 5-year-old stallion Raymond, sired by Simmons, 2.28, dam Lady Raymond, by Carlisle.

—Bentoneer, bay stallion, by General Benton, dam Guess by Electioneer, owned by William Disston, of Philadelphia, took first premium at the Wilmington Fair for the slow class for stallions between 4 and 5 years old.

—A. R. Mock has a 2-year-old filly by King Almont, dam the dam of Prince Wilkes, 2.14¾, which he gave $4500 for last year. Crit Davis has her in charge, and she promises to go as fast as the renowned Prince.

—The Southern Hotel stakes of $10,000 for horses with records not better than 2.25 on April 15 will be trotted at St. Louis on Thursday, October 3. The horses named to start are Laurabel, Harry Noble, Dixie V., Robert Ryzdyk, Reference, Acolyte, Hendrix, Norval, Greenlander and Geneva.

—Joe Hocker, a promising 3-year-old of unknown breeding owned by Cincinnati parties, dropped dead in a race at the Lexington (Ky.) fair grounds. He was in the 2.25 class race, which was won by Nancy Hanks. Best time—2.26. Hecker went a mile in his work in 2.25 a few days since.

—Moonstone, the yearling filly that Mr. Wilson, of Cynthiana, Ky., sold to Mr. Ashbrook, of the same place, some time ago for $2500, was left to be trained at Abdallah Park, and on August 31, at Lexington, she won her race in a jog, and obtained a record of 2.47¾. She is by Sultan, out of a mare by George Wilkes.

—Amy Lee and Marie Jaesen, the two mares that Budd Doble has retired for the season, are related. Marie Jansen is by Betterton, son of George Wilkes, out of Dame Tansey. Amy Lee is by Bay Star, the brother of Dame Tansey, out of a mare by Hiatoga. The dam of Marie Jansen and the sire of Amy Lee are brother and sister.

—A daughter of the man who bred and raised Spokane now comes to the front and claims Montana as the home of the famous horse. She laughs at the "ozone of the Rockies" and the "morning tapees," spokeroot, etc., ideas, and says the horse never crossed the mountains but once, and then when a 2-year-old.

—At the close of the recept meeting at Westchester, Mr. Belmont still remained at the head of the list of winning owners, being credited thus far this season with $97,000, followed by the Dwyer Bros., with $89,000, J. B. Haggin with $88,000, J. A. & A. H. Morris with $54,000, Theodore Winters with $51,000, and A. J. Cassatt with $48,000.

—Exile illustrates what management will do. He has run only three times this year, but has won some $13,000 in stakes. Probably there are hundreds of horses which would be as good as he if they were managed as he is. He is never raced often, and if he shows any soreness he is stopped. Like his sire, Mortemer, he seems a better horse the older he grows.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, SEP. 26.

WE MADE A

Lucky Hit!

ON ABOUT

1000 PAIR OF SHOES

Men's Women's and Children's—*Warranted Best Makes.*

"We Caught 'Em on the Fly"

-it's the way of the "Racket," you know,-

o—50 CENTS BUYS $1.00 WORTH—o

of as Good Stock as they put in Shoes. If you will look in on us we know you will be surprised, and

No Charge For Looking.

"THE RACKET."

No. 4 Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——The picnic is over.

——A. A. Kerlin is a delegate to the Luth. synod.

— Cool weather this week, with threats to rain.

— All enjoyed the picnic and all are glad its over.

——Miss Elsie Barr, of Tyrone, is visiting at the residence of J. C Boal.

——Miss Lottie Spigelmeyer, of Bellefonte, is visiting friends and took in the picnic.

— J. W. Krumrine, one of Ferguson township's staunch Democrats, gave us a call during the picnic.

— Arb Katherman, station agent, and five hands, were the hardest worked men during the week.

——The doctors will have plenty of work occasioned by the inclemency of the weather during the picnic.

——Shook and Ocker have their cider press running at the station, and a sample of their juice speaks well for it.

——Miss Sheets, one of the handsomest ladies of Snowshoe, took in the entire picnic, and was pleased with it all.

——Col. Taylor, of Mifflin county, managed to find the REPORTER during the picnic and favor us with a friendly chat.

——T. H. Harter and lady, of the Middleburg *Post*, took in last week's picnic, and found a week of pleasure and enjoyment.

——Misses Royer and Dornblaser, of Salona, and Mrs. McClintick, of Howard, were the guests of Miss Kate Harpster during the picnic.

——Mr. Stoughton, formerly passenger conductor on this road, was train despatcher at this place, and he handled the crowds and trains quite well.

——According to the Jewish calendar this is the year 5650, the 26th and 27th of this month are Tishree Roosh Hashanah and the 29th the feast of Guedaliyah.

——The Mifflinburg band was present at the picnic and "took the rag off the bush" for charming music. It is hard to beat, was the verdict of all who heard them.

——Scores of strangers last week, expressed their astonishment that Centre Hall had such an admirable system of water works and absolutely pure water.

——Mrs. Dr. Dum, of Mackeyville, Clinton county, died of typhoid fever on Saturday morning. She was a sister of Miss Puella Dornblazer, who is convalescing from the fever.

——Now Sallie, welle mir uns emol sot wasser melone esse, whilse picnic is, —said a fellow from the east section to his ducky, and two rounds of ten cent slices filled 'em up "sot."

——The main coal yard of Kurtz & Son is now close to the upper side of the mill and convenient to a new wagon scale in front of the mill. The bins at the old siding are only used for storing surplus coal.

——Over 1,000 tickets were sold, Thursday morning at Coburn and Spring Mills stations for the picnic. Over fourteen cars were behind the engine of that train and it came into Centre Hall full from rear platform to cowcatcher.

——Bellefonte's new shoe store, J. S. Gillam, proprietor, in Crider's exchange, is first class in its assortment of boots and shoes, and beyond competition for low prices. Give Gillam a call, and you will find him a pleasant and accommodating gentleman.

——B. M. Greninger, Jas. Duck, H. P Waite, of Renova; Jas. Herring, of Altoona; Mrs. Smith and son James and Witmer, of Williamsport; Hon. S. Gilliland, Esq. Rishell, Lot Kimport, and a host of others attending the pinic, gave the REPORTER a friendly handshake.

——The Reformed congregations of this charge have extended a call to the Rev. D. A. Soudors to become their pastor. The gentleman preached a trial sermon several weeks ago in this place and favorably impressed them, and they gave him a unanimous call. We have not heard if the gentleman accepted or not.

——The Night Owls, a musical organization of Mifflinburg, favored the REPORTER with a serenade on Thursday evening, both vocal and instrumental. We "took them in" after a few pretty pieces were performed in front of our door, and tried to make them feel glad they came. Indoors they gave us a short concert—with an interval for refreshments. Wish they could surprise us oftener.

The Picnic.

A LARGE CROWD.—A CHILD BORN.—THE FAKIRS PICNIC.—SATAN REBUKING SIN. —THE SHOOTING. ETC.

The REPORTER, last week, was issued one day ahead and gave the picnic account up to Wednesday noon.

Thursday was a fine day, but cool atmosphere, yet there was a large attendance. The crowd we estimate as fully up to 10,000. By rail came 40 cars, jam full, say 75 to each car, would be 3,000. Then there were perhaps 1,000 private conveyances, which, averaged at four for each, would make 4,000, leaving a margin of 3,000 made up from the vicinity and those remaining over for the week.

Isaac Frain, County Deputy, made the opening address of Welcome. He congratulated the grange upon the great success of their exhibition and the progress made by the order. He eloquently bid welcome to all not grangers, to the gathering and hoped they would have a nice time along with the patrons. The grange was only actuated by motives of good to all, and that it was not to be used for selfish purposes by anyone, but for the good of the farmer. Deputy Frain's remarks were well received, as his strong voice enabled all to hear him. Especially timely was considered his remark that the grange was not to be used for selfish purposes, of which there seemed danger from certain quarters, but the selfish motives were soon observed by the patrons and outsiders.

Mortimer Whitehead, of New Jersey, delivered a lengthy address full of good points for our agricultural friends; his caution against office seeking trimmers and speculating sharks should be heeded; he alluded also to the wrongs suffered by the farmer under some of the tariff enactments, and that the farmer had the power to right his wrongs with the ballot.

Hon. Gerard Brown, senator from York, a practical farmer and man of brains, who really should be the master of the state grange on account of his real ability and sound common sense, was the next regular speaker. His address repaid listening too—it was not an old mournful wail, rehashed, such as grangers have too much been afflicted with in these parts, but full of life and solid facts and practical ideas. Mr. Brown is one of the most useful members of the State Senate.

Governor Beaver arrived on Friday and delivered an address upon topics relating to our agricultural interests, in which he always felt a deep interest. Storm and rain interfered with the governor being heard but by only a few. His remarks were timely and appropriate.

The feats of shooting by the champion wing shot, C. K. Sober, in an adjoining field was one of the interesting features on each afternoon. Thousands looked on in astonishment at the skill displayed in breaking blue rock, in every manner, even blindfolded, with scarce any misses. Mr. Sober can't be beat, was the verdict of all.

Lunch, ice cream and peanut stands were plentiful and did a thriving business.

The swindlers, practicing their games, were on hand too, and had a harvest of greenies from whom they scooped in their V's, X's and XX's. The most wicked of these were stationed on an open lot above Bartholomew's store, and fleeced all who bit, and there were many, at a lively rate. After the second day they were warned to quit their swindling operations and threatened with arrest and right there an amusing incident took place, Satan rebuking sin. The story is related to us as follows: A fellow came up to the swindler with a pompous air of self-importance, and demanded he should quit his swindling game, and when he left again, some one whispered something in the gambler's ear, and he began to curse, "I don't want any d—— man to come here and talk about me being a swindler when I am told that he was in the oats game himself. If the —— —— comes back here again I'll smash his big hat and put a big nose on him." These gamblers should have been ordered away the first day.

The merry-go-round was well patronized. The large Keller boarding house did a thriving business and furnished excellent meals.

The wife of the owner of the museum gave birth to a child in the museum tent on Friday night; the mother and child are still here and doing well.

Friday afternoon's rain broke up the picnic, which was announced to continue over Sunday, and on Saturday all began to pull out. Excellent music was furnished by the Tusseyville band.

The exhibitors were:

I. S. Frain, Jacksonville, English thoroughbred Suffolk Punch, 2½ years old stallion; Messenger mare, 6 year old; French draught horse; thoroughbred black Percheron stallion, and two 6 year old gray Percheron coach mares.

Alex McCoy, Potters Mills, Kentucky driving mare, colt Woodlawn, jr, and thoroughbred Norman stallion, Jersey and Durham calves.

Musser & Reeser, of Fillmore, horses, including Fannie, ¾ breed Percheron, weight 1400, 3 year old; Fancy, ¾ breed Percheron, 3 year old, weight 1500; Myrtle, ¾ breed Percheron, weight 1300, two year old; Maude R., ½ Percheron, and ½ Clydesdale, weight 1300, two year old. These gentlemen had nine head of horses to exhibit, but were prevented for want of exhibit room.

G. W. Musser, Grayesville, Huntingdon co., exhibited a Poland China sow, 2 years old, weighing about 600 pounds, with a litter of six pigs, and five thoroughbred Jersey calves.

D. Garman & Son, Bellefonte, fancy goods, notions, fine display.

Jas. Schoffield, Bellefonte, harness and saddlery.

S. A. McQuistion, Bellefonte, buggies, wagons and sleighs.

Brubaker & Polk, Millersburg, taps, dies and screw plates.

L. B. Taylor, Mifflinburg, buggies, wagons, etc.

J. H. Musser, Aaronsburg, mowers, reapers, binders and hay rakes.

J. S. Waite, Bellefonte, agricultural implements.

Peter Hoffer, Centre Hall, binder and mower.

F. M. Burkholder, Centre Hill, grain drill, binder and hay tedder.

H. A. Taylor, Mifflinburg, wagons and buggies.

J. J. Mitchell, Lemont, creamery, churn, butter worker and other dairy implements.

Israel Hoover, Unionville, agricultural implements and farm bells.

T. S. Vought, Centre Hall, the Perfect washing machine.

D. S. Meyer & Co., Harrisburg, Triumph reaper.

Waldron & Sprout, of Muncy, French burr feed mill and crusher.

McCalmont & Co., Bellefonte, agricultural implements.

M. C. Gephart, Millheim, sewing machines, pianos and organs.

Thornton & Barnes, Philadelphia, groceries.

J. B. Shannon & Sons, Philadelphia, hardware.

Garrittee, Maston & Allen, Philadelphia, clothing.

A. C. Drake, Bellefonte, sewing machines.

Shoop & Boozer, Centre Hall, wagons and agricultural implements.

Local Briefs.

—Chestnuts are ripe.

——Murray's Vanilla—best—cheapest try it.

——Rev. W. E. Fischer has left to attend synod.

——Daniel Gentzel, of Gregg, sold a fine span of grays at $425.

——The burnt store building on the Durst property will not be reserected.

——Woodland and all kinds of soft and hard coal at the Centre Hall mills.

——For sale—A good store stand, address, Jacob Strohm, Tusseyville, Pa.

——Monday morning had a sharp frost in our county and adjoining counties.

———The population of Centre Hall has dropped off about 10,000 since last Thursday.

——Read the "Special" notice in this issue if you want a farm journal free 1 year.

——Murray's Extract of Vanilla is far cheaper and preeminently superior to any other make.

——Miss Ella C. Mersinger, of Tusseyville, is teaching school at Hannah, this county.

——There was some petty theiving on the picnic ground and in the neighborhood, last week.

——A stray dog is all that remains from the picnic. He'd better git out—remember poor Fritz.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing store, opposite the Conrad house, is the place for bargains in men and boys' suits.

—Miriam, a little daughter of Harvey and Annie Van Pelt, died on Monday, of diptheria, aged about 1 year and 3 m.

——Mr. Busing, from Illinois, a nephew of Mr. Derstine, of this place, is visiting relatives here.

——The freight train west on Monday evening was wrecked near Bellefonte. The wreck train from Sunbury arrived and cleared up the scene.

——C. P. Long, the popular merchant at Spring Mills, has gone to the city for a new stock of goods, and when it arrives he will astonish the natives for bargains.

——Monday next, is the last day for the 5 per cent. reduction, and those wishing to take advantage of this will find the collector, Charles Arney, at his home in this place, to receive all taxes.

— In spite of all competition Lewins continues to take the lead in ready made clothing, low prices as well as quality of goods. He gets ahead of all, sells more than all, pleases all, and fits and suits all.

——To put out 102 acres of grain, plow 75 acres of ground with two teams, all since July, is a big piece of work for a farmer, and if anyone can do better, let him call and see Frank Bowersox, at Rock Springs, the jolliest granger in ten counites.

——Lewins beats the state for large assortment of men and boy's clothing—and he beats the world and all clothing stores in it for low prices. There's where you save from $3 to $8 on a suit of clothes.

——Miss Mollie Snyder has gone to New York and Philadelphia, and will buy the largest and finest line of millinery ever brought to Bellefonte or county. With it she brings one of the finest trimmers. Would ask citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity to call and see goods. Opening, Wednesday, October 6.

——All that desire bargains in boots or shoes, go to Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block, which is the place to get anything in that line at lowest prices and every article warranted, or money refunded, if not found as represented. Mingle keeps none but first class goods.

——There was only one exhibit of organs and pianos on the picnic ground, that of M. C. Gephart, of Millheim, but it combined the qualities of three or four. He represents the Mason & Hamlin, Cottage, Estey & Smith American organs and pianos, and the White Sewing machine. It was an elegant display.

——Robert McFarlane's hardware store in Bellefonte is headquarters for the celebrated Link Fence Wire. Having bought a car load before the recent advance in price, he is able to sell at very low rates. The link wire has stood the test of several years in our county and has proven first class in all respects. It is so easy to handle and put up and weighs a little less to the rod than any other. Write for prices.

——There will be services in the Lutheran church at Tusseyville, next Sunday, at 10 a. m., conducted by Rev. L. L. Uhl, missionary to India, and at Centre Hall, at 2 p. m., by the same. Rev. Mr. Uhl has been in the foreign field for many years and returned to America two years ago to pursue a special course of study at the John Hopkins University of Baltimore to facilitate his work in India. Information both interesting and instructive may be expected in attending these services.

W. E. FISCHER.

——The funeral of Mrs. Catherine Gensel, mother of George Gensel, of Georges Valley, last Sunday, was one of the largest witnessed in that section of the county for many years. In her early years she was confirmed in the Reformed church, in Bucks county. Recently she connected herself with the Evangelical church in Georges Valley, of which she was a faithful and consistent member. Revs. Stambaugh and Fischer conducted the funeral services in the Lutheran church in Georges Valley.

——Dr. Hiram Smith, of Adamsburg was found dead in his bed on Monday morning at about 5 o'clock. He had been complaining during the night but appeared to be all right when he awoke the next morning. Shortly before 5 o'clock, he told his wife to prepare breakfast, and call his hired boy to feed the horse as he wished to go away that morning. Mrs. Smith had scarcely left the bed when she noticed a death-like pallor on his face, of which she told him but he said he was feeling all right. A few moments more and he was clad in death's cold mantle.

A Desparate Man's Crime.

HE SHOOTS AND KILLS HIS WIFE AND MOTHER-IN-LAW AND ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

PHILIPSBURG, SEP. 22.

W. S. Hopkins, aged 25, shot and instantly killed his wife Maggie and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Wigaman, and then tried to kill himself but failed. Hopkins has engaged in numerous quarrels with his wife during the past two or three months. A week ago he assaulted his wife and left home, returning on Saturday. They had another quarrel on Sunday morning, in the course of which Hopkins pulled a revolver from his pocket and shot his wife dead. This occurred on the first floor of their home, at Philipsburg, and the frenzied man after killing his wife, rushed to the third story where his mother-in law was and shot her too, killing her instantly. Hopkins then left the house and fled to a neighboring livery stable, where he attempted to kill himself, firing two shots at his head with a revolver, one of which broke his skull. Hopkins was arrested shortly after the shooting and upon his person was found the following letter, which, it is believed, contains his reason for the commission of the deed:

"HOUTZDALE, Pa., Sept. 21.—I have written many statements on what I am going to do. Most of the people in Philipsburg say I have been hounded to get me out of the way so Edward Hughes and Dear Eddie Goldricks, the cracker agent, can have their own way. They have used my wife, Maggie, as theirs. I love her to idolatry and these men can never have her again. I will die first. I want this directly understood, I want my body sent to Bert Hopkins, 27 Stone street, Rochester, N. Y. I hope we will both reach heaven. Good by all. I am in Osceola now, on my way. Whoever comes in my way when I meet Maggie and interferes, will go down with her. To-night is my time if everything is all right. Mind my words, I want my body sent home just as I fall. I hate to do a crime like this, but they have hounded me around till I am stirred to it."

Hopkins, who murdered his wife and mother-in-law, and then shot himself in the head, has not yet been taken to jail. The physician attending him will not express an opinion as to the final result of his injuries. His left side is paralyzed, caused by clot of blood on the brain. The man has shown no remorse.

Fire—Store Burned.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION—ATTEMPTS TO ROB

At 1:15 on last Saturday morning a terrific explosion aroused the greater portion of our people, and with it the store of Dale & Co., opposite Meyer's hotel, was on fire all over, in an instant. The first explosion shook the town, and was followed a few seconds later by another of less violence, and five minutes later there were two or three other reports like gun shots. The first explosion sent all the glass in the windows shattered into the street. A crowd soon gathered, and in less than 25 minutes all the goods in the adjoining dwelling of Elizabeth Durst were carried out. In the meantime a bucket brigade was speedily formed from the plug in front of the hotel into the Durst house, and all efforts made to save it as the store was doomed. With strenuous exertions, and against all expectations the house was saved.

The explosions were caused by several canisters containing powder, in the store. How the fire originated is not known. Mr. Dale had a little fire in the stove that evening and left the store at 9 thinking all was right. He says there were $4,000 worth of goods in the building on which there is $3,200 insurance by a Bellefonte agency. On the store building there was no insurance. This store was on fire near noon, one day last spring, and only timely help saved it. We have again a proof of the service of the water plugs, some of which were maliciously destroyed through persons who had been prejudiced by wicked misrepresentations of the water company. The borough authorities should have these plugs restored.

During the fire some burglar or burglars attempted to break into the houses of Jas. Smetzler and Emily Alexander, but by the cries of the ladies the rascals were forced to beat a retreat.

GRAPE CURE ESTABLISHMENT

Mr Speer, of New Jersey, whose wines have such a well merited and extended reputation all over this country and Europe, for their age and excellent properties in case of sickness and are so famous for their curative properties, is about to build a large Hotel or Grape Cure Establishment on one corner of his vineyard. The House will accommodate five or six hundred guests who are to have the privilege of roaming among the vines in the morning to pluck the ripe grapes and breakfast on them while the cool dew is yet on.

Arm Broken.

George, a son of Michael Condo, of this place, had his left arm broken, above the elbow, on Thursday afternoon, last, while turning the merry-go-round, on the picnic ground. He had hold of the crank which turns the machine and a nail which protruded from one of the cog-wheels caught his coat and wound it up, and he was swung around several times before the motion could be arrested. His arm was drawn between the cogs and crushed near the elbow and the flesh on the upper portion of his arm up to the shoulder, was badly cut and bruised. He was at once taken to the home of Dr. Emerick where the broken arm was attended to.

Facts for all.

In spite of all competition the Philad Branch clothing store, remains headquarters for actual bargains in ready made clothing, for men and boys. Lewins introduced cheap clothing in Centre county, and has kept it at that all the time; he kept honest goods, no trash, and, as a rule, always sold from 25 to 30 per cent. below any other clothing store in this part of the state.

Tax Notice.

The duplicate for Potter Township has been delivered to me. I will be at the following places on said days:

Tusseyville, Friday, Sept. 20 and 27.
Centre Hall, Saturday, Sept. 21.
At Bartholomew's, Sept. 28.
Potters Mills, Sept. 23.
Centre Hill, Sept. 30.

Between the hours of 2 and 6 o'clock, p. m.

R. B. TRESSLER, Collector.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment is the only sure cure for Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.

Judge Coons, Maysville, Ky., says: "Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment cured me after years of suffering."

Judge Coffinbury, Cleveland, O., says: "I have found by experience that Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment gives immediate and permanent relief."

We have hundreds of such testimonials. Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by druggists at 50c & $1 per box. ap21y

STAR SPRING WATER.

Saratoga Star Spring Water for sale in bottles and by the glass by all druggists

For Sale.

Two fine coal stoves, a Morning Light, square, and a Morning Light, round, in use only a few months, at a bargain. Suited alike for parlor or sitting room. Can be seen at Reesman's shops,

Centre Hall.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

I find Ideal Tooth Powder is without exception the best I have ever used. With its aid I keep my teeth very clean and white, which I was unable to do with any other powder I have ever tried before. So says Ferdinand E. Chartard, Baltimore, Md.

By the way, will you buy and use Ideal Tooth Powder? We can thoroughly recommend it. R. E. Nichols, Dentist, Salina, Kansas, says, Ideal Tooth Powder is in my estimation, just what its name indicates. An engraving 20 x 24 is given with each two bottles. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Either of the following engravings, "Evangeline," "Bayard," "Monarch of the Glen" or "The First Step," without advertising on them, size 20 x 24 inches, given with one 50 cent or two 25 cent bottles of Ideal Tooth Powder. These are not cheap lithographs, but works of art. A. D. Bowman, Dentist, Nicholia, Idaho, says, I am using your Ideal Tooth Powder, and find it superior to all others.

The engraving "Evangeline" arrived safely on the 24th of December, making it seem like a Christmas gift. Trusting that Ideal Tooth Powder may flourish, I remain, yours respectfully, Elpis Earnest, Denver, Col. One of these engravings without advertising on it worth $1 retail is given with each two 25 cent bottles of Ideal Tooth Powder.

Excursion Tickets to the State Fair and County Fair at York.

The Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society having joined forces with the York county Agricultural Society, the united bodies will hold a joint exhibition at York, beginning September 30th and continuing until October 5th. The York fair by itself is one of our best exhibitions, and reinforced by that of the State, it will undoubtedly be an extensive and interesting exposition of the products of Pennsylvania.

For the benefit of visitors the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to York, from principal stations within the state. September 28th to October 5th, valid for return until October 7th, at reduced rates.

Dedication.

The new Evangelical church at Spring Mills will be dedicated on Sabbath, next. The dedication sermon in the morning will be preached by Rev. Weist, of Harrisburg. Prof. Gobble, of New Berlin, will preach on Sunday evening. Services on Saturday evening also.

THE PITTSBURG EXPOSITION.

We wish to call attention to that great enterprise, where one can see so much for so little money. We advise our readers to take advantage of the cheap transporation, and see the great exposition, and while visiting the sister cities do not fail to look for number 82 Federal Street, Allegheny, where one of the finest and most complete liquor stores can be seen in this country You will convince yourself at a glance, that when you give your patronage to such a house you are sure to be well treated and get value for your money. The proprietor of said house can not afford to hypothecate his reputation and do otherwise. He continues to sell six year old pure rye whiskey at $1.00 per quart, or six quarts for $5.00. His Silver Age has no equal, which he sells at $1.50 per full quart. All kinds of wines from 50c. upwards, and no extra charge for packing or shipping to any place. Send for his price list and catalogue and oblige. MAX KLEIN.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Pursuant to an order of the Court of Centre county, there will be exposed at Public Sale on the premises, the fine farm of Samuel Spangler dec'd, of Potter township, Centre co., about 3 miles South east of Linden Hall R. R. station and 4 miles south west of Centre Hall, on

FRIDAY SEPT. 27TH 1889

bounded on the east by lands of John Spangler, and John and Jacob Wagner; west by lands of John Bitner; north by lands of Josiah Neff heirs; south by Tussey Mountain, containing

199 ACRES 81 PER.

about 160 acres are cleared and in a high state of cultivation, the balance well timbered with rock oak and chestnut.

The buildings consist of a good two story frame house, also good wash house, large Bank barn, painted, commodious wagon shed with corn cribs, good pig pen, and in fact all necessary outbuildings, with running water at house, barn and in wash house, and a never failing well near the house. Also a good orchard with all kinds of choice fruits.

The farm is a desirable one, public road leading by the buildings.

Terms:—⅓ of the purchase money to be paid in cash on confirmation of sale, ⅓ in one year, and balance in two years, deferred payment to be secured by bond and morigage on the premises. All deferred payments to bear interest from confirmation of sale.

W. W. SPANGLER, Potters Mills, Pa. Administrato de bonis non.

:·: SPECIAL :·:

It is with pleasure that we announce to our many patrons that we have made arrangements with that wide-awake, illustrated farm magazine, the

AMERICAN FARMER,

published at Fort Wayne, Ind., and read by nearly 200,000 farmers, by which that great publication will be mailed direct, FREE, to the address of any of our subscribers who will come in and pay up all arrearages on subscription and one year in advance from date and send us a new name and cash for one year---[remember a copy of the "American Farmer" to you and the new name, free.]

This is a grand opportunity to obtain a first-class farm journal free. The "American Farmer" is a large 16-page journal, of national circulation, which ranks among the leading agricultural papers.

The regular subscription price of the "American Farmer" is $1.50 per year. From any one number ideas can be obtained that will be worth thrice the subscription price to you or members of your household, YOU GET IT FREE. Call and see sample copy.